

diScord & R

August 2006

That double trouble magazine from CITR 101.9 FM

Free



In Your (Frog) Eyes | All Roads Lead to Nomeansno | Saying Goodbye to Sleater-Kinney | The Age of Electric Empire Part Two | Jason Grimmer Leaves Town | How to Start A Record Club | Mixed Apes Trading Project

SATURDAY AUGUST 5

DOORS
7:00PM
SHOW
7:30PM

JOE FIRSTMAN & FAMILY
TONY LUCCA & CURTIS PEOPLES

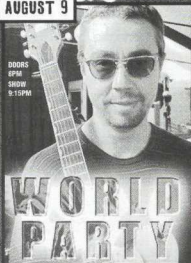


TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

THE RED ROOM

AUGUST 9

DOORS
8PM
SHOW
8:10PM



TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

Sarah harmer



August 20
Malkin Bowl, Stanley Park
reserved seating
general admission 18+

clean

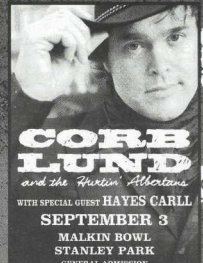
AUGUST 28



Ben Lee
with guests
THE SUITS
shows Ben Lee's new album
"The Suits" live

TICKETS ALSO AT
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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



TICKETS ALSO AT
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SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2

zero 7

with special guest
Jose Gonzalez



TICKETS
ALSO AT
ZULU AND
HIGHLIFE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

SEPTEMBER 4



MATT COSTA

WITH GUESTS
THE WATSON TWINS

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COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 1



seated seating
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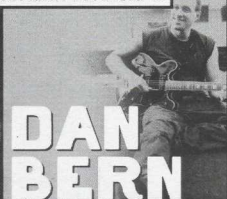
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 15



DOORS 8PM, SHOW 8:30PM
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COMMODORE BALLROOM

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 18



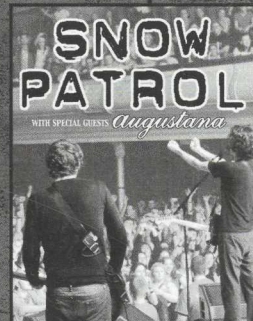
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

THE RED ROOM



SEPTEMBER 14
Commodore Ballroom

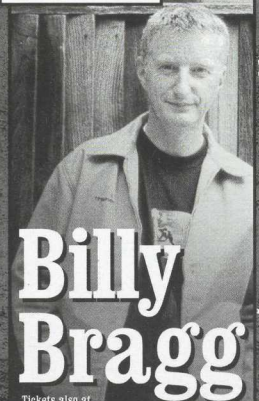
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MALKIN BOWL, STANLEY PARK

SEPTEMBER 14
UNDEROATH
CRAGGIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

SEPTEMBER 22
SHERYL CROW/JOHN MAYER
PACIFIC COLISEUM

OCTOBER 6
BEAT BASH WITH THE BLACK EYED PEAS
PACIFIC COLISEUM

OCTOBER 17
ELECTRIC SIX
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THE VANTAGE SIX
The Vantage Six
The Vantage Six
The Vantage Six

DISORDER

AUGUST

2006

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WILL BROWN
Production Manager
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KIMBERLEY DAY
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Textually Active Editor
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Layout & Design
WILL BROWN
ALANNA SCOTT

Production
WILL BROWN
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ALANNA SCOTT
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GRAEME WORTHY

Photo & Illustration
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WILL BROWN
JESSE CODLING
MELANIE COLFS
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MEATHOOK
HARTMUT SCHNEIDER
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Charts
LUKE MEAT
Distribution
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the Gentle Art of Editing

AFTER AN OPRESSIVELY HOT MONTH that led to back stains in Vancouver and civilian casualties in France, we round off July with an unusually cool weekend. While it's always warm and stuffy inside the *Discorder* office, my brief forays outside tell me that cold air fronts are massing on our borders, and the endless summer is showing signs of letting up. It's the time of year when back-to-school advertisements start to pop up unwelcomed, forcing you to think of clothes shopping and other unpleasanties. This morning MSN News advised me that time is running out to find true love before fall arrives. Sunbats are slated to fade, leaves to wither. It is with a note of sadness that I make the final changes to the August issue; next week it'll be time to begin planning for September in earnest, and once you start talking about the 'ember months, summer is as good as done. As Hawksley Workman comforts, "Autumn's here...it's time to cry."

If you can make out the words through your tears, this issue just might give you something to smile about. We have the second instalment of our ongoing fan fiction saga, The Super Group, chronicling the imaginary

exploits of Vancouver's music elite as they do battle with the diabolical Todd Kerns. If all that indie action leaves you pining for a closer look at group leader Jason Grimmer, take a stroll a couple pages over for our farewell to the Zulu Records heartthrob on the eve of his departure for Montreal. With that eastern metropole in mind, check out the Silver Mt. Zion/Carla Bozulich spread for a look at artistic integrity in a world of falling bombs and corporate rock.

Now that your synapses are firing, it's time to take off those cloud-coloured glasses and make the most of the summertime that's left. There's still a window of opportunity to experiment with new ways of living before September comes barging through town with its list of schedule-filling commitments. To that end we present *Mixed Apes*, a free-form music-sharing project that aims to connect isolated music lovers across Vancouver. Reading about music is interesting, but it can breed passivity; *Mixed Apes*, and its sister-story the Record Club, encourage a more participatory approach to enjoying the aural arts. Check out www.discorder.ca/mixedapes for details, and chase away the end-of-summer blues.

David Ravensbergen, Editor
discorderd@gmail.com

DANCES WITH WOLVES

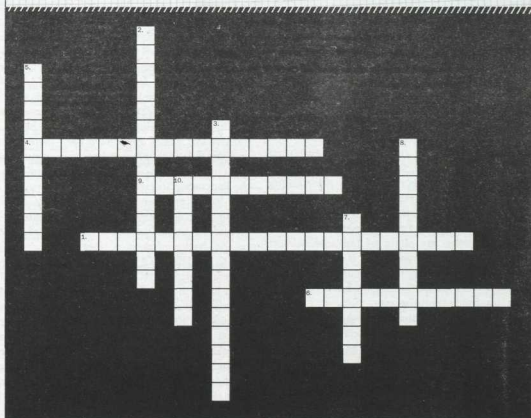
A Wolf Band Crossword Puzzle

Across

1. Black metal barn dwellers
4. Tastes good with jelly wolf
6. Rhymes with "the wolf boat"
9. They are wolves

Down

2. Uplifted By Lupines
3. Tours on a sailing ship
5. Travels on floats
7. Noisy guys
8. Japanese
10. Seripop



COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHELLE COTTAM

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CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

Kinji Fukasaku and Battle Royale

IT WARMED MY HEART to see my high school students in Japan reading Koushun Takami's dystopian thriller, *Battle Royale*. The film adaptation, in which students are forced to murder each other as part of a sadistic game created by the government, had caused a huge fuss, since newspapers and school boards there were fretting about the phenomenon of *ijime*, or bullying. It seems certain kids had harassed weaker fellow students (almost always the misfits) to such extremes that there had been well-publicized teen suicides. The phenomenon was influenced by the extreme pressures to conform which students encountered in school, so a movie in which teenagers kill teenagers at the behest of their teachers struck a vulnerable chord. Special government meetings were held on whether the movie should be banned, and kids under the age of 15 were forbidden entry to theatres. Anyone could read the book, however, and I recall covertly whispering in the ear of one young reader that she was on the right track and shouldn't trust any of her teachers, even which got a smile. I didn't realize, at that point, that *Battle Royale* (2000) was the last completed feature of one of the masters of Japanese cinema, Kinji Fukasaku.

Battle Royale aside, Kinji Fukasaku (1930-2003) is best remembered now for a series of gritty gangster films made in the 1970s, many of which starred Bunta Sugawara. Sugawara is to crime movies in Japan what Robert de Niro and Clint Eastwood are in America: chances are if you buy a book on Yakuza movies, you'll find Bunta's expressive mug somewhere on the cover. *Battles without Honour and Humanity* (1973), the first volume in the Yakuza Papers series, remains my favourite of the films from this period, and features all of Fukasaku's trademarks: frenetic editing, deft hand-held camerawork, freeze-frames on the violence, and a level of realism, cynicism, and social criticism previously unknown to Japanese crime films. Sugawara plays a soldier returning to Japan after the war. He finds corruption, crime, and black marketeering everywhere, and joins the Yakuza partly out of sheer need for work, but also because their code of honour appeals to him. Eventually, after years of bloodshed, he becomes disillusioned, learning the hard way that for many, the Yakuza code is just a false front behind which they serve their own interests. Later episodes in the series bog down a bit in intricate maneuverings, but the impact of these films on contemporary Japanese cinema cannot be overestimated.

There are many other great Fukasaku films from this period. *Street Mobster* (1972) predates the Yakuza Papers, but has many of the same merits, though it seems a bit heavier on brutish exploitation than social criticism, and feminist viewers may find themselves guffawing in contempt at times. Starting a decidedly anti-heroic Sugawara, this one is more entertaining for its excesses and its startling style than its story. Another interesting early venture. Under *Flag of the Rising Sun* (1972), finds Fukasaku in dramatic mode, showing the plight of Japanese soldiers during the Pacific campaign. It tackles taboo subject matter like cannibalism with the verve and directness of exploitation cinema, but it's a serious film, unafraid of controversy.

I am by no means a Fukasaku expert. His resume includes a survival horror video game *Clock Tower 3*, and over 60 features, most of which have not been distributed here. Aspirants may be amused to note that Fukasaku directed the Japanese portions of *Tora! Tora! Tora!* (1970), a US/Japanese co-production showing both sides of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He also worked with Yuki

Mishima on an adaptation of his campy detective thriller, *Black Lizard* (1968), starring Mishima and female impersonator Akihiro Maruyama. He directed the international co-production *The Green Slime* (1968), in which the crew of a space

station battle tentacle, one-eyed aliens after blowing up an asteroid that threatens to destroy Earth. Another of his gangster films, *Graveyard of Honour* (1975), inspired a remake by no less than Takashi Miike, and is considered one of his

greatest works.

Despite these worthy contributions to cinema history, my warmest feelings are reserved for *Battle Royale*. Never mind the exploitation trappings—*Battle Royale* is an anti-authoritarian parable *par excellence*. The ultimate message of the film is that for social change to happen, children have to work together to resist the "game" they're forced to play. Though no post-Columbian American distributor has been willing to touch it, rights to remake the film with an English-speaking cast have been recently purchased by New Line Cinema, much to the distress of fans of the original.

Fukasaku died of prostate cancer just as he began shooting the sequel, *Battle Royale 2* (2003). Finished by Fukasaku's son, Kenji, it's a mixed blessing, which is most likeable for the extremity of its political confusion (the young rebels who reject the "game" end up seeking refuge in Afghanistan among their friends in al-Qaeda!) The battle sequences, blatantly ripping off the look of the Normandy invasion sequences of *Saving Private Ryan*—a big hit in Japan—suggest that Japanese teenagers have a very strange fantasy life indeed. I'll be playing both *Battle Royale* films back-to-back at Blim (www.blim.ca) on August 18th. Fans of thought-provoking, blood-spattered excess should be sure to attend.



Battle Royale

SPECTRES OF DISCORD

by Kat Siddle

THE V-WORD

Disorder is a lot like The L-Word—but not in the way that you think.

THE L-WORD HAS SHOWN ME a new way of watching TV. I'm slightly ashamed to admit it, but it's true. It has nothing to do with the show's (dubious) portrayal of queer women. I don't watch it because it's well-written, because it's not, and the acting isn't amazing either. I will say that I enjoy melodrama and make-out scenes as much as the next person, but still, these are just gravy. If you ignore the writing, the characters and the storylines, *The L-Word* becomes strangely relevant to my life. For one thing, it's filmed in my town.

I know that this isn't a particularly special feature. Lots of things are filmed in Vancouver. But it's not just the locations, the residential neighborhoods that are supposed to be LA but are obviously East Van. It's that whoever's behind *The L-Word* has filled the show with references to Vancouver. A surprising number of Vancouver bands have been featured on its soundtrack, many of them more than once. Songs by Kinnte Starr, Sinkintiki, the Organ, Coco Love Alcorn, the Cinch, Sweatshop Union, Kia Kadiri, the Be Good Tanyas and Ridley Bent have been featured in episodes during the show's three-season run. You don't need to listen close to hear the shout-out to the Vancouver arts scene.

But it's even more subtle than that: a couple of times I've hit pause on the DVD to point out a picture by some Vancouver-based visual artist in the background of a shot—There! Look. Just to the left of Kit's head. It's an I Brainer cartoon space lady! The sight of this familiar print hung in a fictional lesbian hotspot sparked a disorderly memory for me: when I first became *Disorder* editor in 2004, the production manager and I spent an afternoon cleaning out the magazine's office. Under a stack of press releases I found several I Brainer prints that had been candidates for the *Disorder* 20th Anniversary issue (February 2003). Unsure of what to do with them, I took them home and put them up in my room. The notion that my own bedroom, an old

Disorder cover and *The L-Word* could collide like this, particularly when Vancouver is not a highly-referenced city like New York or Nashville, blew my mind.

I like to think about collisions like this. We spend a great deal of time watching TV and immersing ourselves in art but rarely think about the ways that we do it. My friend (and former *Disorder* co-worker) Dory Kornfeld has a theory about television and film that I've always found strangely compelling. As she watches TV or movies, Dory likes to imagine that the character an actor plays in one role is actually the same character the actor plays in every role. The fun comes in trying to fit the disparate aspects of the character—personality, backstory and historical context—together. Once she wrote me an email saying "I've been having a little bit of trouble watching *Wing* lately, because Josh Lyman, who is the deputy chief of staff is ALSO the stepdad in *The Sisterhood of the Travelling Pants* movie." Adopting this theory makes any movie or TV show, no matter how lame, intensely discussable. Imagine our delight when we realized that Taryn Manning, who plays the skinny blonde prostitute in *Hustle & Flow*, is also Britney Spears' pregnant best friend in *Crossroads*! (Looks like things really went downhill when Britney and Co. finally got to LA!)

After watching a lot of TV filmed in Vancouver, I discovered that this theory can be applied to locations as well as actors/characters. Consider in *The L-Word*, the "Bette" character works at an art gallery located at the Elliot Louis Gallery on West 2nd. The same location is used in an episode of *Battlestar Galactica* as a doctor's office that the President of the Universe (or whatever) visits before some sexy robots destroy the earth. You can see space-ships flying over Kitsilano and everything! Initially, it seems like the *Battlestar Galactica*'s location scout chose this space for its "futuristic" look (if, in the future, all buildings are designed in the style of Arthur Erickson, you



That Schmaltzy Magazine from February 2003

can count me out right now). But, when you consider the Kornfeld Theorem of Character-Specific Narrative Continuity (my title for it, not hers), this gallery suddenly becomes a *really* old building—a charming old heritage building that Bette from *The L-Word* used to work in back in the 21st century.

I know that Vancouver's economy is driven by TV and film production, especially when it comes to cheaply-produced sci-fi. But filming in Vancouver doesn't just direct money into the Ovaltine Café or the JJ Bean on Commercial Drive, or bring royalties and exposure to Vancouver bands. It even goes beyond that crazy thrill that we Canadians feel when we see something recognizably Canadian on the television (like, say, Koerner Library in the background of a Pokémon ad). When we combine our local knowledge with Dory Kornfeld's theory, we have suddenly a whole new reason to watch lame TV, which is all anyone really wants to do anyway.

RIFF RAFF

Bryce Dunn



PISSED JEANS
BELLA
THE JOHNS
SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS

WE GOT A WHOLE HODGE-PODGE of musical bar-rage for you this month, so let's kick things off with a couple of R&B roustabouts, **Screamin' Jay Hawkins** and **Esquerita**, squarri' off with a side a piece on a recent single. SJ literally moans and groans through his 1962 hit, "I Hear Voices," while backing band **The Chickenhairs** conjure the spirits with a spooky backbeat. While this has a certain, novelty appeal, it ranks high on the fun meter and deserves more spins. His counterpart **Esquerita**, the vintage voo-doo herself, pounds the pearly white keys to the gospel standard, "Didn't It Rain," rocketing this tune into hip-shaking orbit. No slouches themselves, soulful girl group **The Clovertones** provide shimmering vocal accompaniment to Esquerita's howl. We've got ourselves a winner here, folks. (Norton Records, Box 646 Cooper Station New York, NY 10276 www.nortonrecords.com).

The Johns boast members of several SoCal punk outfits among their ranks (**Die Huns**, **The Crowd**, **The Grabbers** et al.), and as the old saying goes, the sum should be greater than the parts. While this statement holds true, it seems a slight on the aforementioned bands that this "supergroup" sounds better than their progenitors. What we have here is three tunes of punk laced with rock overtones wrapped in crisp production,

everything evenly placed in the mix with vocals that don't grate on the nerves and actually carry a melody. "In Tune" starts the ball rolling, bringing to mind the best of what **Electric Frankenstein** has to offer, while "Craped Out" and "Wanna Die" are two blasts of beach-punk that are as thick and long-lasting as the tan on George Hamilton, perfect for the skatepark or basement TV party. **The Johns** are on a mission to surf and destroy. (Anko Records, P.O. Box 1799 Costa Mesa CA USA 92628 www.ankorecords.com).

With a name like **Pissed Jeans** you have to leave your expectations at the door and expect the unexpected. So upon first listen, I was not so surprised to hear heavy, plodding sludgecore straight outta Philadelphia that would please fans of **Killdozer** and **The Melvins**. "Don't Need Smoke to Make Myself Disappear" is a slow exercise in patience that this punker was not quite up for, listening while holed up in a studio with no air conditioning. "Lovecloud" fared a little better, but its subject matter crept down on us, I thought about that CSI episode where Grisham (sic) and co. investigate a murder where the suspect in question has a sexual fetish for clowns—ughhh! I'll never look at Krusty or Bozo the same way again. (Sub Pop Records, P.O. Box 20367 Seattle WA USA 98102

www.subpop.com).

Let's end this column on a much happier note with a split single from Vancouver's **Bella** and their friends **Columbus** from Edmonton. **Bella** you should already know as that cuter-than-cute foursome (now threesome) who released the electro-pop opus **Pretty Mess** back in 2004, to the adoration of fans and critics alike. They garnish their side of the split with a new track, "Didn't Mean to Break Our Love," melding **Client** and **O.M.D.** into a little more subdued, but no less dancey number. Their remix of "Crystal Tears" (from the aforementioned album) pickpockets **The Spoons'** "Nova Heart" for musical inspiration. **Columbus** opt for the no-nonsense approach with "Grey on Blue," mining the **Teenage Fanclub** songbook with some jangly guitar hooks and bouncing bass lines. While I haven't heard the original, it appears "You Know it's True" has been given an electro-funk makeover, which should appeal to the club kids who like a little snap and crackle with their pop. (Pop Echo Records, 12424 113th Ave. Edmonton AB Canada T5M 2W5 www.popecho.com).

Thanks for tuning in, go enjoy the summer while it lasts!

STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN even the most artful and well-produced site theatre was far enough below mainstream radar that it could do pretty much what it wanted before the wrong people noticed. Prohibitions on unlicensed venues were either easily navigated or quietly ignored, while clearance for use of public space was either simple or largely unnecessary. In many ways, the genre has become a victim of its own success, attracting civic attention as well as practitioners who aren't overly concerned by the adulterations that come with a higher profile. If two of last month's events were pointing toward the future of site performance, then we need to be worried. One of them can be forgiven; the other not. We start with the latter.

city:skinned
strenscrossing
Dancing on the Edge
Friday July 7

When this piece was originally performed in the UK back in 2002, it might well have done justice to its creator's vision. Even as recently as last summer, its locale (London's King's Cross area) was a virtual building site with abandoned goods yards, shabby commercial streets and secret gardens gasping for air amid the welter of construction. Four years ago, it was still a *flâneur's* paradise of hookers and hidden places. In London parlance, it wasn't yet a "crunchy" area. Vancouver's Downtown Eastside, on the other hand, is just that—a place where gentrification is



butting heads with poverty. In re-setting her urban exposé there, Carolyn Deby almost became part of the encroachment, self-consciously serving up packets of grunge and glitz to a controlled herd of culture tourists.

That said, many of the sites on the tour were swell. Evocative and blatant by turns, they already spoke volumes about the collision course on which planners and developers have set our neighbourhoods. Sadly, Deby's five dancers didn't animate or reveal anything. In their lime green t-shirts and matching wigs, they were in the way from the start. In a disused funeral parlour for instance, re-booted as a memorial to the wilderness once covering urban ground, I had to tune them out as they marched around slamming doors and bellowing fatuous things. Much more engaging were the dried trees hanging upside down from the

THE SHOES THAT WERE DANCED TO PIECES, city:skinned



city:skinned

ceiling and the open coffin containing baby evergreens. (It was here that we were given earplugs to be worn for the rest of the tour—an interesting touch, since all sound became as muffled and distant as when one is drifting into sleep.) Approaching **The Coffee Shop** on Gore Street, one of the performers began hugging a tree. I would like to have mourned my favourite to-fu-calf in peace (the long-time owner recently sold up), but a television set on which agonized modern dance footage played stood in the open doorway, blocking my view of the gutted interior.

Maple Tree Square was teeming with night lifers as our advance guard of green thimbles charged along flitting in and out of doorways and hanging dutifully from whatever could be hung from. By that time, our whole unit was feeling ridiculous. One of the dancers ended up in Hunt and Gather bou-

tique doing a solo (more contemporary agony) while another scrawled on the shop's front. "We have lost the ability to name our hunger." Speak for yourself. I thought, as a couple of homes sloped past carrying plates of food from a nearby soup line. As we crossed Hastings, Pigeon Park was in an uproar. "What the fuck's going on? Is this some kind of science fiction deal?" A grizzled geezer ran ahead to join the dancers as they twisted and rolled in the forecourt of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Gardens. He caught on fast and gave a great performance.

There was a quantum shift when we boarded a school bus for a long, pleasant but rather inexplicable ride past the beaches and into Stanley Park. Was this meant to underline the fact that the Downtown Eastside exists in the same city as the leafy luxuries of the West End? When we began walking in the woods, a connection occurred to me

as I recalled how the police transported drug users from the DTES to the park where they beat the shit out of them. But performers were busy doing things with trees, so I didn't bother sharing.

If Deby's goal was the "psycho-geographic, unguided tour of time and space," mentioned in the programme, it would have been better to simply take the audience on a walk than to perform empty gestures in cool places. Our silent steward was like a gentle Mephistopheles and was all the guide we needed. The sites would have done the rest. In fact, many people do this all by themselves, becoming conscious performers in a field of possibilities that the city offers up to them. The Letterists called it *the drive* and it's a shame to see it packaged and dumbed down in the name of art.

The Shoes That Were Danced to Pieces

Boca Del Lupo
Stanley Park
Thursday July 13

Although very much a family event, this performance set in the woods had enough cheek to be charming and a rustic feel that transported the audience to an era when outdoor theatre was the norm.

The story contained the usual fairy-tale flotsam: princesses, a powerful king, a challenge and a commoner who rises to it. Its telling was more unique in that we tramped through the forest in pursuit of the players and a good deal of the action took place above our heads. Whether circus-trained or not, the actors had sufficient chops to dangle, swing and shimmy down ropes with graceful insouciance. And props go to riggers Tallis Kirby and John Popkin, whose technical innovation ensured magic and performer safety in equal measure.

Some of the images were memorable: two singing cranes who see-sawed high in the trees in counterweight; a giant mesh hammock full of rolling performers who escaped, one by one, into the forest to dance their titular shoes to bits.



The Shoes That Were Danced to Pieces

So how did this show feed my misgivings about where site performance could be heading? First of all, the audience was too big. Bums in seats—or in this case, feet on the ground—were an indication of success, but the crowd took forever to shuffle from scene to scene and wasn't worth the damage to continuity. Secondly, one could feel the show's creators straining for a G-rating. Problem is that being all things to all people requires a lot of interesting edges to be sandied off. Writer James Fagan Tait and director Sherry J. Yoon are more than capable of giving good edge and I only wish that Boca had mounted a more grown-up version of its outdoor spectacular. **D**

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Workers of the World Relax, Epileptic, Get A Life, and Maybe Later

Workers of the World Relax

by Conrad Schmidt

Along with the World Naked Bike Ride and Work Less Party, add an economic manifesto, *Workers of the World Relax*, to Conrad Schmidt's eye-popping feats of activism. In language "simple enough for even the most intelligent of academics," he depicts the world economy as an oil-addicted, consumerist race to the bottom, where workers learn the efficient production of inefficient, environmentally ruinous goods. Reduce the work week, he proposes, regulate an industrial slow-down, and we can lower unemployment, curb climate change, and revitalize our notion of work. In other words, "Make less STUFF, do more LIVING."

The Marxist style, pocket size, and pamphlet-style of Schmidt's essays imply, in the words of UBC professor Christopher Shaw, "dangerous, radical stuff." Nevertheless, Dr. Shaw is an ophthalmologist; you have to admire Schmidt's ambition. Here is a software programmer turned grassroots roustabout (and CTR host), who divorced his car, quit his landfill-stacking job, and wrote a treatise on how to create more time for civil society, a healthy environment, "music, art, culture, family, community and sanity."

Workers of the World Relax is red, but not a straight-up manifesto. As Schmidt explains, it's also not the book that his supporters urged him to write: a colourful memoir of protests, rallies and activism. Instead, Schmidt set out to briefly survey the well-covered ground of such popular economic books as Jared Diamond's *Collapse* and Ronald Wright's *A Short History of Progress*. In his opening, he even joins Diamond and Wright on Easter Island: the poignant case study of a civilization which exhausted its resources to carve gigantic stone heads. Was there ever a group of Easter Island activists, Schmidt wonders, who were branded "radical leftists" for "not understanding the pressures of a stone statue economy?"

You could as easily read authoritative, popular writers like Diamond and Wright on economic traps. You could read Jane Jacobs on climate change, Robert Putnam on declining social capital, or Tim Flannery on global warming. Why pick up *Workers of the World Relax*?

Perhaps you were titillated by the naked bike ride, or amused by the gall of a Work Less Party. Or, maybe you are really intrigued by the proposed 35-hour work week. I bought the Work Less calendar. I am also self-propelled, a vegetarian, and excited by the possibility, already attempted by France and Germany, of legislating a maximum number of work hours. So I was a bit disappointed to find the French case relegated to an appendix, along with a half-researched introduction to the economic nit-picky of reducing production in an economy which may or may not have a fixed amount of labour.

This is nit-picky—the book is not meant to be in-depth, and Schmidt points the way to further research. *Workers of the World Relax* promises a polemic of gusto and common sense. Just look at Schmidt's back-page photo: the wicker chair, his open calendar, and the cup of coffee perched jauntily on his knee make up a movement on charisma alone. Inside, the sincerity of his motives are undeniable. His personal, Office Space-like account of negotiating his first four-day work week is inspiring. I would happily reside in a city where residents are granted space in community gardens for each day they give up.

Soon, though, the slips of grammar, spelling and the occasional lack of fact-checking build to a nagging doubt. There is also a frustrating lack of attention to Canada, while the sexier politics of the U.S. Empire are over-played. Although it is not a white paper of the Work Less Party, I had hoped for more local focus from a grassroots politician whose party will field a candidate for prime minister.

The main trouble is, Schmidt is too ideological to play an economist. "The lives of all seven billion people in this world revolve around Western civilization's love affair with cars," is the sort of hyperbole I might enjoy. But let me tell you that "the World Trade Centre attacks are a casualty of oil dependence" and I feel the walls are closing on a very narrow picture of the world.

"We might very well have unlimited clean energy in the future," says Schmidt in an over-bearing rejection of business-friendly, green technology. "This will give us the capacity to completely destroy the planet." For me, the argument is out of measure by this point, and the fun's gone out of the book. All of a sudden I'm reading the academic-sounding crib notes of whoever painted "Technology won't save you!" on the Cambie street bridge and thinking, "Okay, okay, but if you needed a defibrillator..."

Andy Hudson

Inkstuds

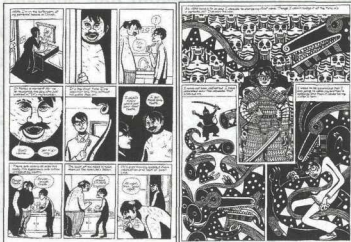
Epileptic by David B., *Get A Life* and *Maybe Later* by Dupuy and Berberian



Going through my stacks this month, I pulled out four recent English translations of international comics which stood out for their excellence. By chance, three were French and the last was Italian, but was previously only available here in a French edition. These comics show outstanding craftsmanship, and each of the cartoonists has a different way of telling a captivating, must-read story. International comics is a very wide genre, but a few key works will help you find your way.

Of recent acclaim is cartoonist David B., a.k.a. Pierre-François Beauchard. His chief oeuvre is called *Epileptic*, and it was recently released in North America by a Random House subsidiary, Pantheon Books. With Chip Kidd at the helm, Pantheon Books has proved to be one of those publishers whose releases are pure gold. Other artists of Pantheon fame include Chris Ware, Daniel Clowes and Art Spiegelman. With such high-karat colleagues, David B. was worth checking out based solely on his Pantheon cred. *Epileptic* is about a young boy dealing with the onset of epilepsy in his older brother, coupled with the onset of a personal, creative explosion.

David B's art is an enigma. His tight, black and white lines give the impression of woodblock prints. His art is solid, but infused with a mad creativity. *Epileptic* is a nearly 400-page tome, with enough potential to be stacked alongside *Black Hole*, *Jimmy Corrigan*, and *Maus*. The Künstlerroman storyline will be easily embraced by academic literati. In addition to *Epileptic*, David B. has appeared in



the Fantagraphics anthology *Mome*, as well as a portion of the Ignatz series of oversized comics, headed by the Italian master Igort. So far David has released two issues of *Babel* with the Ignatz imprint; issue two was released within the last few months, once again by the ever excellent Fantagraphics.

A short story in a *Drawn & Quarterly* caught my eye a couple years ago—it was the first work of Dupuy and Berberian I had seen.

It stood out as a comic filled with joy and optimism: rare finds in an industry notorious for self-loathing. Just this month, *Drawn & Quarterly* published two books by the French duo: they can be read independently, but are incomparably stronger as a pair. The first, *Get A Life*, is a reprint of volumes 1, 2, and 3 of the French-language *Mr. Jean* series, about a Parisian artist's daily struggles and exploits. The book is both charming and full of surprise. At first glance, Mr. Jean seems to live an idyllic life, but the book is in fact an excellent illustration of daily existence in bean Paris. The characters are compelling. Mr. Jean, the struggling artist, is accompanied by a flaky best friend with whom he shares nothing but a long friendship. Then there are the intrusive building managers: a pair of middle-aged spinsters who think of Mr. Jean as a constant aberration in their daily lives.

The style of *Get A Life* is reminiscent of Hergé's *Tintin*, but with a persona I can really only compare to Michel Rabagliati's *Paul*. Rarely do you come across works in the avant-garde with so much joy and inspiration. The other work Dupuy and Berberian issued by *Drawn & Quarterly* is *Maybe Later*. While the artists collaborate on Mr. Jean, *Maybe Later* finds them producing work independently. Originally a journal to record their creative process, *Maybe Later* provides insight into the inner demons which drive the unique career of cartoonists.

To discover more great comics, check out the *Inkstuds* show, every Thursday at 2:00 PM, as well as our back-catalogue of interviews at www.crowncommision.com/inkstuds.

Robin McConnell



Get A Life by Dupuy and Berberian, *Drawn & Quarterly*

THE FINE ART OF STARTING A RECORD CLUB

by BRock Thiesens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MELANIE COLES



THESE DAYS IT SEEMS THAT everyone is starting some kind of club. There are knitting clubs, book clubs, juggling clubs—you name it, but the bee's knees is the record club. The basics of such a club are quite simple. Your group gathers once a month at a member's residence. Each person picks 3 songs of a reasonable length (no 20-minute Can jams), and everyone takes turns playing their choices. The members then involve themselves in enlightening discussions related to each track, and at the end of it all you burn the picks onto a CD-R for future nostalgia. If done properly this can be an enriching experience, but like anything of real value, there is protocol, and there is procedure.

Before you can even tackle the complexities of starting your own record club, you will first need to recruit members. This task is not to be taken lightly, for these members will be the heart and soul of your club. It's good to have a wide range of individuals, which could include people representing strong Christian views or earth-based religions, like couriers, musicians, farmers, people with dreadlocks or stay-at-home moms. If all your members have similar attitudes and viewpoints, your discussions will be short and lackluster, and your club may fade into oblivion very quickly. Also, feel free to swear in members through a series of ritualistic ceremonies. A collective blood-shedding is always a sure-fire method. These rituals will instill a sense of camaraderie among your members and ensure dedication. Tests of endurance, knowledge, and/or dexterity may also be used to weed out unwanted members. Having members name such things as the first 15 singles by The Fall usually does the trick.

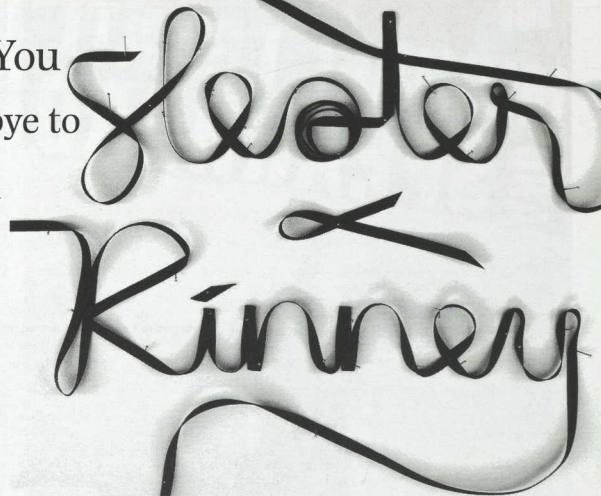


Once you have carefully hand-picked your members, you will then need to hold your first meeting to discuss the rules or standards your club will follow. Your agenda should focus on the inner workings of the club and address all possible scenarios that could arise in the future. Cover such areas as when you should meet and where; what should be done about holidays and Christmas; members' feelings about smoking, allergies, tardiness and pets; what should be done if a person talks out of turn; and who's bringing the chips. Also, have one person deemed Club Nerdlinger and have him/her keep historical records of songs played. You may also want to consider hiring a professional facilitator to moderate meetings. Not only will a leader help ensure that a fulfilling, balanced conversation takes place, but he or she could also help your group decide which songs to play (or even choose the songs for you). These club guidelines must be taken with the utmost seriousness, and if a member cannot find the competency to follow them, their presence should be barred as soon as possible. After all, this is not some drunken weekend softball team—it's a record club.

The next crucial step in having a tremendous record club is engaging and gripping discussions.

The End of You Saying Goodbye to

by Quinn Omori



IT SORT OF FELT LIKE getting dumped. Maybe that's a melodramatic way to talk about a band breaking up, but that's how it felt, honestly. If you're the type of person who has a deep connection with the music you love, there are definite parallels between the two seemingly disparate events. No more new experiences to look forward to. No more dates (shows). There's nothing new to discover.

After eleven years as a band, Sleater-Kinney have decided to go on indefinite hiatus. The upcoming summer shows will be our last. As of now, there are no plans for future tours or recordings...

They aren't necessarily gone forever, but the words "indefinite hiatus" don't bode well for a future in the world of indie rock. Fugate have been silent since vowing the same thing shortly after releasing *The Argument* in 2001. My Bloody Valentine is still AWOL over a decade after announcing its own break. "Yeah, there's not a zero percent chance of us getting back together, but don't count on it."

Sleater-Kinney is the first band to break my heart. I can recall the demise of countless bands, but I didn't really love them. I was, like almost every other music fan at the time, hit with the news that Kurt Cobain died, but I was only twelve. I didn't grow up listening to Nirvana; when they were finished, I still had a lot of growing up left to do.

Sleater-Kinney's career spans the 11 years between my 14th and 25th birthdays. While I wasn't aware of them from day one, my fandom stretches back far enough that their records serve as the soundtrack to my transition from adolescence into adulthood. Sleater-Kinney dropped into my life at such a formative moment that their songs now remind me of some of my fondest, sharpest, and even most painful memories. I'm not alone.

If you keep tabs on many internet music sites, you've already got an idea of the type of adoration that Corin Tucker, Carrie Brownstein and Janet Weiss inspired. "My favourite band" and "with great sadness," were phrases that were banded about in various publications. Sub Pop described *The Woods*—now the band's swan song—as "one of the best rock records [they'd] ever released." When posting the news of the band's demise, Pitchfork scribe Amy Phillips confidently stated, "America's greatest rock

band has called it quits."

I know there are thousands of other fans out there, many of whom are much savvier than I, able to boast that they've been listening since the group's earliest days. But I've still always considered Sleater-Kinney "my band." The obsession I held for Pearl Jam in my younger days was spawned when someone in elementary school gifted me with a dubbed copy of *Ten* (plus, back then they were as ubiquitous as Nirvana). The Jesus and Mary Chain featured prominently beside Pavement on a mixtape an older cousin sent me. One of my best friends from high school and I would waste Saturday afternoons listening to his brother's hip hop records. Sleater-Kinney, on the other hand, were the band that I would slip on mixtapes, that I would insist on playing for friends, that I dragged not one, but two girlfriends to go see against their will (which may partially explain why they're exes), and that I would feverishly defend in conversation. Not that they needed much defending.

On August 11th and 12th, Sleater-Kinney is set to play what will likely be their final shows together, in Portland, Oregon. The \$12 tickets are currently going for hundreds of dollars on eBay, with fans making the pilgrimage to the band's hometown from as far away as Europe. I'll be driving down with a friend for the weekend, where we'll join a couple of thousand other people, who've all come to share a few last moments with a loved one.

But perhaps my original break-up analogy wasn't so apt after all. Relationships have a tendency to hobble along to their logical conclusion, slowly losing whatever magic they once had before someone finally makes the wise decision to cut the chord. By contrast, Sleater-Kinney is stepping out on a high note. A scrappy yet endearing self-titled debut, six critically celebrated records that display a diversity most bands wouldn't dare to attempt, and an unparalleled live reputation are left behind, free of the tarnish of tours where they merely went through the motions, or albums that were only shadows of former greatness. Nobody breaks up with a significant other while things are on the up and up, but "America's greatest rock band" is going out on top.

Thanks for all the music, ladies.

Exploring such matters as the artist's vision and intended message is always a good way to get a discussion going. Is the artist being pessimistic, prophetic, cautionary, satirical, venomous and/or cathartic? What kind of emotional place was the songwriter in when he/she wrote the song? Are there any symbols of political, cultural or religious significance, such as a flag, rose, or thorns? Another way to guarantee a spellbinding discussion is choosing a thematic thread that runs through the entire club meeting. Picking themes such as songs that remind you of the importance of friendship/family, songs that boost self-esteem, or even something as simple as songs with wicked drums can prove to be entirely rewarding. Also, make sure everyone participates in the discussion. If a question is asked, everyone should contribute

in the round robin. If you see someone being left out, prompt them for their opinion and consider giving them a hug.

The last element needed to have a successful record club is to lend your members a hand when it comes to dealing with rejection. If you dislike certain songs, never blame the person who proposed them. Pooh-poohing a member because of their poor choice will only lead to shame and sorrow. Encourage your members to replace feelings of rejection with a sense of anticipation for future success. This process increases the odds of acceptance and keeps

the psyche in good shape, for mental wellness is key to a good record club.

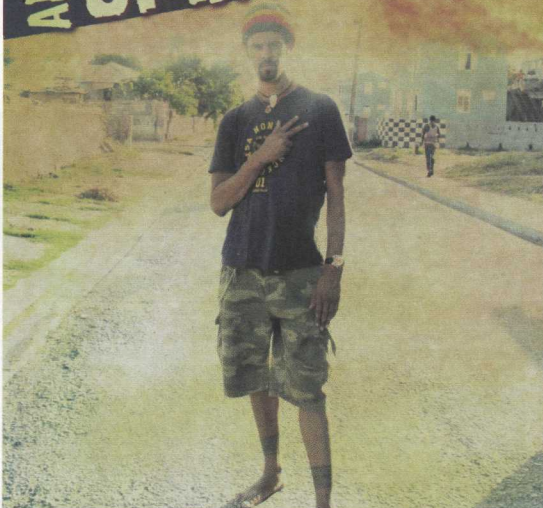
At this point all that is left is to have a member mix the tracks from the meeting onto a CD-R to preserve your record club experience for years to come. All members should have little difficulty with this task. If they can't string the tracks into a decent mix CD then they shouldn't be in your club anyway. Get rid of them. Schedule club meetings for a different night, and tell them the club has disbanded.

Now get out there and start your self a club.



ANTI-

MICHAEL FRANTI AND SPEARHEAD



IN 2004, MICHAEL FRANTI DECIDED TO "WALK HIS TALK" AND TRAVELED TO THE WAR ZONES OF IRAQ, ISRAEL AND THE OCCUPIED PALESTINIAN TERRITORIES. THIS WASN'T A USO GREEN ZONE SPONSORED VISIT-FRANTI TRAVELED TO THE CORE OF THE RED-ZONED, WAR TORN NEIGHBORHOODS IN THE MIDDLE EAST WITH HIS GUITAR, VIDEO CAMERAS AND THE INTENT TO EXPERIENCE FIRST HAND THE HUMAN COST OF WAR.

OUT OF THIS JOURNEY, FRANTI HAS CREATED A COMPELLING DOCUMENTARY FILM TITLED "I KNOW I'M NOT ALONE" AND AN INSPIRING, UPLIFTING NEW ALBUM OF ORIGINAL SONGS TITLED "YELL FIRE!"



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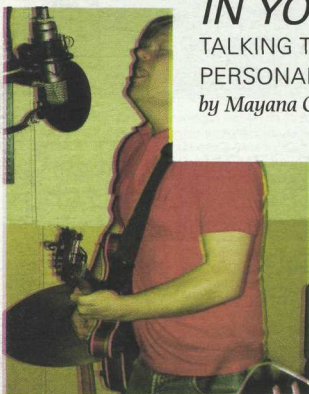
FROG EYES

IN YOUR (FROG) EYES

TALKING TO FROG EYES' CAREY MERCER ABOUT EPIC MUSIC, PERSONALITY CULTS, AND BEING MARRIED TO THE DRUMMER.

by Mayana C. Slobodian

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSE CODLING OF DAYTROTTER.COM



TRYING TO MAKE FROG EYES' Carey Mercer talk about his music makes me feel like a schoolyard bully holding down the quiet kid and forcing him to recite the alphabet backwards. His sentences are book-ended with "sort of," "I guess," "maybe," and "I don't know," and he follows his most serious, introspective remarks with bright laughter and a shake of the head.

If he's nervous, he has every right. For the last few years, Frog Eyes has been implicated in much of the hype engulfing independent Canadian bands. Their connection to Destroyer and fellow Victorians Wolf Parade has something to do with it. Frog Eyes has recorded with Destroyer and performed as his backing band. Parader Spencer Krug is a sometimes member of the band, and Mercer is working with both of them on a new project, called *Swan Lake*.

But when it comes to wooing critics, Frog Eyes' music has everything to do with it. Journalists such as myself love to get all up in there with accounts of the "rasping, contorting spectacle" of Mercer's "headless chicken deliveries" (Pitchfork). We inevitably wax romantic regarding "Bobcat Goldthwait's evil twin" and their "cabaret, straight from Hell's floor show" (Popmatters). Critics—and audiences, on the band's somewhat rare tours off Vancouver Island—have little negative to say about the four-and-sometimes-five-some, but Mercer must enter every interview wondering, "How the hell am I going to come across in this one?"

Seeing the sleepy blond man ride up in a blue sweatshirt and bike helmet, I try to imagine a "maniacal, falsetto preacher foretelling end times" (Cokemachineglobe.com) and "frantically spewing undecipherable genius into the microphone" (Brooklynvegan). If I hadn't seen Mercer in dark, blazing glory with Frog Eyes, I might think they'd sent the wrong man.

Seated at a camp picnic table, I ask about Frog Eyes' new EP *The Future is Inter-Disciplinary or Not At All*, due to be released on Spanish label Acurela Discos, and their fourth full-length album, out next February. He fiddles with his pockets, watches kids in the playground, and somehow appears friendly while constantly avoiding eye contact.

Discorder: Where is the ideal place to listen to your new EP?

Mercer: (Long pause) On a boat. With headphones. I shudder at the thought of any one of our songs being put on at a party. It's not that I am against parties. I'm not like "I do not make party music." But that thought makes me sick. (Laughs) Some come-together music is really great, but that's not what it is.

I like the EP, because it's a little lighter, a little less intense. I'm not listening to it going, "Oh this is so good" but more, "Yeah, I want to hang myself, but not as much as last time."

Discorder: It does seem a little more hopeful than usual.

Mercer: I'm not a bumper dude all the time. The epic has always moved me. There is a beauty to, for example, in the *Iliad* when the

hero goes into the underworld and his father shows him a vision of a glorious future. It's kind of embarrassing, because what comes with that is sword rattling or whatever, some garbage motives.

I mean, epic music: what does that mean? Ringing your trumpet on the top of the national monument as another sun comes up. (Laughs) It seems so ignorant of the chaos and sickness of our everyday lives. But at the same time, it would be a sickness to negate the possibility of the epic in your life, too.

Maybe that's an interesting way to look at our body of work—dealing with those two.

Discorder: Frog Eyes drummer Melanie Campbell is also your wife. Has that had any influence on your music?

Mercer: This is one of the things that I always want to talk about, because I get to stop talking about myself (Laughs). She didn't know how to play the drums when we started. So much of the music was in waltzes, because it's in threes. I don't know music, so I'd use onomatopoeia and be like, "boom ch ch, boom ch ch." And then she'd go, "that's really simple, actually." That's the way we learned.

As she's grown, the band has grown and we can do different things. I've really grown with her. I feel a kind of joy and delight with her, to try and bounce things off of her.

It's kind of neat to play with someone who doesn't know how to play...But it's like child actors—you never know if they're going to grow up to be good actors. (Laughing) You can be sidled with a real dunce. Luckily Mel is great.

Discorder: Are you guys going to have kids?

Mercer: No. No, we're not. I'm so excited about that.

Discorder: You've got the band.

Mercer: Yeah. We've got a dog, too. For me, being on tour would be really impossible without Mel. It's a pretty crushing thing to do, for us at least. It's tough to play shows. It takes a lot out of me. Sometimes I feel like I'm going to puke, you know. Or pass out. And I think the fact that we can share that is pretty integral.

Discorder: Have you guys thought about moving away from Victoria to make things easier? Victoria is a pretty limited place.

Mercer: Victoria's a really tough town to live in. You need certain things that the city makes difficult. Vancouver will get like that too, if it hasn't already. It's really brutal to find a jam space. I know a lot of studio spaces are getting forcibly removed from downtown Vancouver, and a lot of them have already closed here. High rent doesn't make good art. That's the draw with Montreal: it's still kind of reasonable.

Discorder: Your new project, *Swan Lake*, is a collaboration

with Dan Bejar (Destroyer) and Spencer Krug (Sunset Rubdown, Wolf Parade, Frog Eyes). I heard someone say that it was funny that you three are working together, because it seems like you all have sort of an aggressive relationship with your audience...

Mercer: (Laughs) Yeah.

Discorder: You seem to not really like your audience.

Mercer: It's more of an embarrassment, I think. Why are these people here, you know? Truthfully, I feel enormous gratefulness for the people who actually come and pay and stay. The aggressiveness is maybe something I have to feign so that I can get through it. I'm just not comfortable with it. I don't think they are either, for different reasons.

I know Dan gets kind of...people are expecting their messiah. When he doesn't deliver the godly goods, it's like, "Where was my religious experience?" Maybe too much is made of...what do they call it...the cult of personality. (Pauses, then laughs) Or maybe he just doesn't like standing up in front of people and singing.

Because we've all played on a stage together, I know that we can hit really honest levels of intensity together. And we always try. We try so hard. A bad show leaves you feeling just sick; you can't shake it off. In that respect, I think we all really care about the audience. Niceties aside. Or lack of niceties... (Laughs) Spencer's really gracious, though.

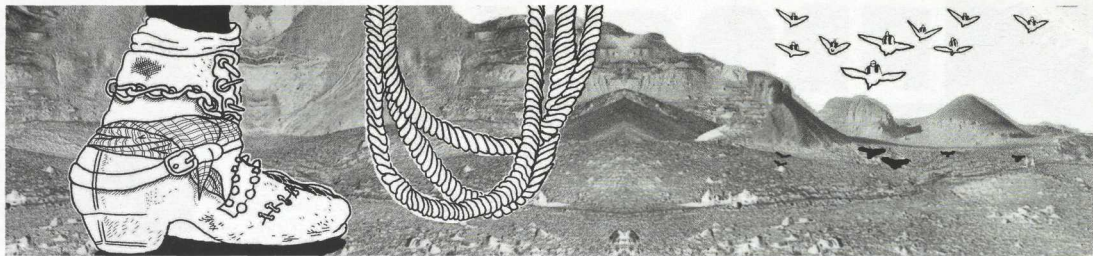
I don't think the three of us could ever go out, play a mediocre show, and then be like, "Let's go for pizza, guys." Dan is especially hard on himself. There were a few shows that we played that I'd think were pretty good and he'd be just, you know, head between his knees. Dead silence in the band room. But we haven't fully decided if we're going to turn this record into a live thing. Maybe we will. (Laughs) For future audience abuse.

Discorder: Frog Eyes has a new album coming out, right? What's it called?

Mercer: (Proudly smirking) *Tears of a Valedictorian*. My friend Peter was valedictorian of his high school and he gave a speech, and he totally started sobbing in it. I've always thought that was on one hand so ridiculous, but also so touching. To think that he could conjure up so much feeling about something so retarded as graduating from high school.

I felt, when we were making this new record, as if the last three were kind of like high school. And then I also felt, "what a ridiculous thing to think." It's just as nice and just as ridiculous as Peter weeping at his valedictorian speech.

I'm making fun of myself. I really am. There's probably a word for that. Or there will be...Sarcastic earnestness. Earnest self-hatred. Something like that.



CARLA BOZULICH + THEE SILVER MT. ZION MEMORIAL ORCHESTRA AND TRA-LA-LA BAND

by Allan MacInnis

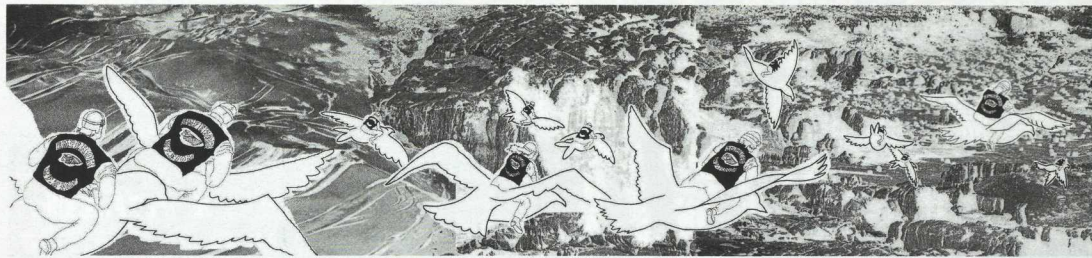
ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCAS SOI

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF CONSTELLATION RECORDS

THEE SILVER MT. ZION MEMORIAL ORCHESTRA AND TRA LA LA BAND AND CARLA BOZULICH ON SOUND, LOVE, MONEY, AND THE SADDEST CUTE LITTLE ROBOTS IN THE WORLD.

WE LIVE IN A CULTURE where doing, making, and/or selling shit you don't believe in or care about, for the sole purpose of making money, is accepted as a given. People might badmouth corporate rock, but most of us probably tolerate it more than we realize. That's why our new HMV Megastore has managed to fill a whole fucking barn with it, and has been able to keep its doors open for so long. It's not the *Nickelbacks* of this world who are grilled for being hypocrites or asked to account for themselves; what explanation could you possibly receive?

"Everywhere you go, the kids wanna rock, and you like money too, *don't you?*" It's the rare popular musicians who commit the sin of trying to take what they do seriously who are accused of pretension and holier-than-thou attitudes, and are required to explain themselves again and again. You get the sense that Efrim Menuck, of Godspeed You! Black Emperor and A Silver Mount Zion, is getting just a little tired of it.



“THE FIRST THING I HAVE to say is that Mount Zion, in what we do and in the way we do it, the words we choose to sing, the way we present the music, the ethic of the record label we’re on, all those things can’t be simplified as absolute disdain for the marketplace. We are not comfortable issuing huge pronouncements like that. I mean, I’ve bought records at HMV, you know? None of us are presenting ourselves as ascetic monks who somehow spend every second of our day fighting the man and not engaging in the market...” Efrim sighs and pauses.

“The fact is, the world is a bleak place, and the forces that overlap that create this thing that gets called the marketplace are part of the problem. So as responsible, grown-up, thoughtful human beings we do what we can to limit our engagement with market forces—for lack of a better term, it sounds like Dr. Death or something—that we feel are contributing to a global state of affairs that we find to be horrendous. And that’s basically, like, humanism, it’s not anything deeper than that, and through Godspeed and with Mount Zion, it’s been frustrating because we’ve never fancied or presented ourselves as some sort of radical force or something, you know?” (I am tempted, at this point, to try to get him to re-tell the story about GYBEE being mistaken for terrorists when touring the US, but he’s probably told that story a few too many times).

“I mean... Mostly we’ve presented ourselves as clumsy, drunken Canadians, most of whom have like, university degrees, grew up fuckin’ lovin’ punk rock, who, when we reached a point we decided we were gonna start playing music together, had a sort of ideal. We started to do that and we continue to do it now... They’re just some ideals that we stagger towards kind of blindly, and we feel common cause with other people who share those ideals. I mean, we’re just a fuckin’ band, you know...but we take the fact of being in a band quite seriously, and I’m endlessly discouraged at how generally what musicians take seriously is making money and positioning their careers...”

I hasten to explain that I respect the idealism of the band; I feel a bit guilty for having forced him to account for it all over again. The fact stuns me that by choice, tickets to their August 16th show at Richards on Richards cost only \$14; despite the size of A Silver Mount Zion, and the fact that opening act Carla Buzulich is bringing a full band with her, the band is “charging the smallest amount of money that we’re able to charge and not lose money on tour. There are a lot of people involved, except the onus is on us for that. We’re the ones that decided to be in a band that has this many members in it...” I mean, most of us in the band got raised with very little money and...we’re just not comfortable fleecing people, at the end of the day, I guess. It doesn’t seem like such a profound statement. We mostly just try to I guess act responsibly in that way. We try to keep things as cheap as we can. We earn an honest living, I cannot complain. I thank, you know, my miserable luck every day that I earn a living playing music, you know?”

Carla Buzulich, who also worked with Efrim, Thierry, and Sophie of Mt. Zion on her newest album, Evangelista, could probably use a bit more cash than she’ll be making when she plays Vancouver, but says, “That’s just the way it is.” While she managed to support herself with music during her years playing with Ethyl Meaploop and the Geraldine Fibbers, she can’t at the moment, and is looking at a difficult time ahead.

“I mean, that’s what I’m pushing for so hard right now, I’m really really really working hard. I’m touring non-stop. My tour schedule is like 12 weeks right now, which ends at the end of August, and then I’m going to Europe for six weeks after that, and then I’m coming home and I’m hoping to do the United States again in the spring, so... you can’t push any harder than that, you know what I mean? And I’m doing the strongest music of my life, and I just don’t know really what else to do. I was talking to my Mom and she was like, ‘honey, I love your new album, but don’t you think maybe you could just do a couple of little songs that might be a little easier for a bigger audience, you know, to get maybe some cuter songs?’

It’s a totally acceptable question, but I was like, y’know, it’s too late for that, I do

what I genuinely feel, and that’s me, and, I mean, I dunno... Sometimes, if you look at an artist that’s been performing as long as me or a little longer even, you can kinda see the point in their career where they were like, ‘I’m not making enough money. I’m going to make an album that’s going to make some money, and I’m going to compromise a little’, and you can kind of put your finger on the album, like the one with Neil Young in the pink tuxedo and a Cadillac or whatever? And it never works! People are like, ‘What the hell is he doing?’ There’s really no point in me going there right now... I’ve turned down opportunities where I would have been set up for life but I just am not that kind of a person. I don’t mind scuffling a little. I’m kind of a street doggie, and I don’t mind having to work hard.”

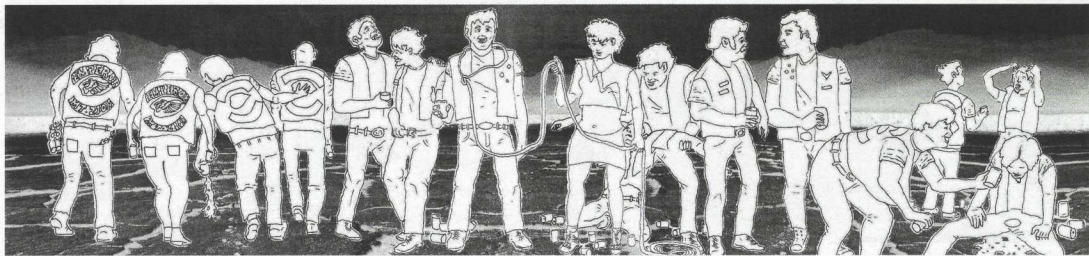
Her own idealism aside, Buzulich articulately points out not everything associated with the corporate world is all bad. “I was talking to someone recently and they were like, you know, you shouldn’t send your CD to Spin because they’re just assholes and stupid and everything and I was like, yeah, they are assholes and they are stupid, but on their behalf, I still have to say that I still get people writing to me telling me that when they were 13 or 14 years old and they saw a full page picture of me in Spin smiling and holding a butcher’s knife, that that’s when they stopped shaving their armpits and got a guitar and started a band. I mean, like, where is the problem there, we’re talking people who are in South Dakota. Where the fuck are they supposed to get their shit? I mean, it’s different now with the internet, obviously people can find stuff a lot easier, but...”

Efrim, when I read him this, takes it in. “Absolutely. I mean, there’s all sorts of different ways to engage in this world... but for me personally, given what happened with Godspeed and what’s been the history of Mt. Zion, I have reason to be distrustful of the entire industry that exists around the promotion of music... It breaks my heart a little how degraded the idea of rock journalism is in the year 2006. It broke my heart in the year 1998, it broke my heart in the year 1987, it breaks my heart even more today... but our record label doesn’t send records to Spin because Spin magazine generally doesn’t review our records.”

A Silver Mount Zion and Carla Buzulich both record on Montreal’s independent Constellation Records, whose politics include the manufacture of each CD case from recycled cardboard; no plastic is used. Buzulich is the first non-Montrealer to record on the label, with Efrim producing. Evangelista takes her music to a higher level than anything she has done previously, drawing comparisons with the work of Diamanda Galas, whom Buzulich admires. The dark, moody, but very beautiful songs on the new disc (which also shows traces of the influence of Nico and Patti Smith) are so powerful and spiritually sincere that she’s said that a church is the ideal place to perform it. Buzulich is well familiar with roots music and old-time gospel, so I ask her about the religious, or perhaps spiritual, aspects of the disc. She laughs.

“In terms of religion, there is a religion I suppose, but it’s all about sound and love. That’s it. It’s not about God. It’s about a different kind of God. The album is for people that can respond to sound and love the way other people respond to God, and take it and use it to lift themselves up and rise up above things that might normally kick their ass, just the way people do with religion, where they reach out and they say I can’t make it on my own, I need this to help me. For me, and my life, that’s what I’ve always found. Every time it’s been the lowest point of my life, it’s this exaltation achieved through sound and love and music music music, that’s what always has saved my ass. You find even the little tiniest spark of it, it will lift you up, and that’s what this is about. It’s not an album for people that are just cruising along and have never had any major grief or loss or anger or anything like that. It’s much more of an album for people who can relate to kind of having a little bit of a warrior side to themselves and you know, rising above that stuff, hopefully without hurting a fuck of a lot of people in the process. So you know, that’s it. It’s not about God, because, you know, God, for me... the word doesn’t mean anything.”



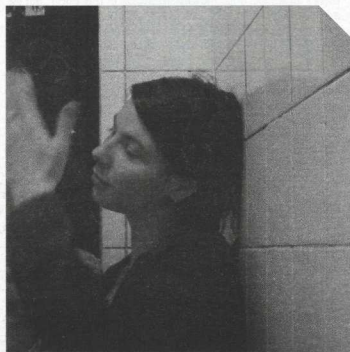


Efrim is similarly uncomfortable with the word God. After clearing up some disinformation currently on Wikipedia, which suggests he practices Judaism—which is not true in any conventional or orthodox sense—he explains that Silver Mount Zion is also informed by old time gospel. “Not gospel as it relates to God, but for sure, we listen to stuff like that, and we listen to tons of stuff in that spirit. I mean, even though it’s mostly an impossibility, especially in the type of venues you’re relegated to playing, it comes down to the idea of performance as like a purely social and transcendent event, which sounds huge and pompous and ridiculous. I know, but it’s this fancy word for a really simple idea which is just a bunch of people in a room sort of working together, the band on the stage and the people

not saying anything, how are we not engaging with the audiences, what the hell does it mean if we’re just presenting this huge sort of massive instrumental sort of onslaught? And so we started talking from the stage, and for me it didn’t feel like enough.”

“After the first Mount Zion record came out, we did a European tour where we tried to present that record live, so we ended up playing quietly, with like a digital piano, and it was one of the most miserable experiences I’ve ever had in my life. I didn’t understand it at all. Like, by the third show I realized that every time I go to shows like this, I hate shows like this. Why the fuck are we doing this? So then two years later, we were thinking of touring again, and the only thing we could agree on was that the music should be louder and that we

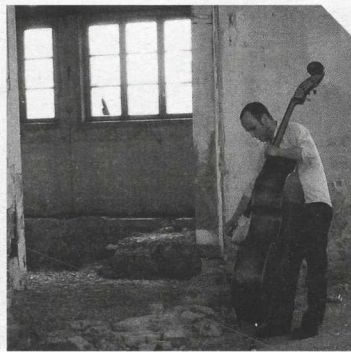
It was an intense 40 minutes on the phone with Efrim, and I wanted to take it down a notch, so I asked him to recommend a movie. A documentary buff, he pointed to Emile de Antonio first—whose work, I’m embarrassed to admit, I have yet to acquaint myself with—and then shifted gears. “The last movie I saw that I keep trying to get everyone to watch, and it’s a total b-movie, but I really believe it’s awesome, is *Silent Running*. I love that movie to death and I don’t care what anybody says.” An environmentalist SF movie starring Bruce Dern, it’s been some years since I’ve looked at it. I laugh and tell him that the cute little robots put me off a little. His voice warms. “I love the cute little robots. That’s exactly why I love that movie, those are the saddest cute little robots in the world.”



in the audience, and now I feel like I’m talking like Bryan Adams and doing it for the kids and all the rest, but it’s not that... it’s like, it’s something I feel like we’ve all felt being at shows before, you know? It’s rare that shows feel that way but when they do, you know you’re in one, and you remember it.”

Part of what makes listening to the most recent Silver Mount Zion CD *Horses in the Sky* such an intense emotional experience is the fact that the band sings chorally—something which might be a bit shocking to people only familiar with Godspeed You! Black Emperor’s stage presentation, which for years involved only sound and projected images. The video component of GYBE’s stage show has gradually been replaced with something far more direct.

“The second-last Godspeed tour,” Efrim explains, “was in America in the lead-up to Operation Shock and Awe. The war started when we rolled into Minneapolis, and it was sort of like, okay, well, you know, how the fuck are we keeping our mouths shut now, how are we



should aspire to be able to win any audience in any bar anywhere. We would come together and come up with a set that would win over, like, drunks and cynics and skeptics alike. So when we were gearing up and sort of reworking all the arrangements of all the songs to sort of fit that idea, we booked a week of practice shows in Ontario, to see how it would play out, and we wrote one song in particular, just trying it out in the jam space. We tried the idea of all of us singing together, and amongst ourselves we were like, well, holy fuck, that’s great, you know? Like, if that doesn’t melt your heart even a little, then fuck you! So it all sort of came out of that feeling at first, because we scared shitless of this venture we were engaging in, that maybe if we just put our hearts right on our sleeves and just like, embrace our ridiculous awkward lack of slickness, then there’s value in that, y’know? And it also just feels real good singing with a bunch of your friends. It’s just a good fucking feeling, it fulfills basic human needs. We enjoy singing together. I guess it all just comes down to that.”



As a handy tip for those of you who are curious about buying the music of A Silver Mount Zion or Carla Bozulich (which is available at HMV, though for the longest time it was filed under “Bazulich”): if you aren’t convinced that it makes any difference who you give your money, you should note that their albums cost around \$20 at HMV, and around \$14 at Scratch Records, which is only a few blocks away at 726 Richards Street. If, like the members of A Silver Mount Zion, you like small local record stores and don’t want to see them drying up, you can actually save money by taking your business there. Do you need an ideological incentive, as well?

More of my interview with Carla Bozulich and Efrim Menuck will appear on my blog, <http://alienatedinvancover.blogspot.com>, in August.





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NO LUCK CLUB IS A group of three ex-SFLers who are easily numbered among Vancouver's most talented live DJs. I've seen these guys open for pretty much every notable hip hop act that rolls through town, and they've never failed to bring the party. Their unique brand of turntablism draws on a refreshingly eclectic sample palette, as demonstrated by their recent, genre-bending performance at the Folk Festival. Not afraid to delve into traditional folk and world influences during their scratch-and-beat oriented sets, these three freestyling disc jockeys infuse some welcome creativity into Vancouver's burgeoning hip hop scene. With the release of their new album *Prosperity* just around the corner, No Luck Club gets back to their roots with this month's mixtape, cataloguing their influences from hair metal to good old boom bap.



PHOTO BY KEITH LOH

MATT

1. AC/DC | *Highway to Hell*
First song I ever heard from these guys, which led me to buy my first cassette.
2. Eric B & Rakim | *I Know You Got Soul*
My favorite hip hop song of all time. Also got me to explore jazz & funk.
3. Rockmaster Scott & The Dynamic Three | *The Roof is on Fire*
A lot of DJs say that Herbie Hancock's 'Rockit' was what got them into scratching. For me, this was the track. It caught my attention more than 'Rockit'. Probably because the scratching is more in your face.
4. The Meters | *Cissy Strut*
This was the song that got me into the whole Southern heavy funk scene.
5. Bomb the Bass | *Beat Dis*
This song got me into the whole cut 'n' paste style of production.

PAUL

1. Q-Bert & D-Styles | *Razorblade Alcohol Slide*
One of the most influential turntable songs I've ever heard.
2. Herbie Hancock | *Rockit*
The first song I heard that used scratching in a composition.
3. NWA | *Express Yourself*
A motivational song created by hoods. What's not to like?
4. DJ Shadow | *Midnight in a Perfect World*
DJ Shadow shows me how musical arrangements are done.
5. Can | *Vitamin C*
The funky riff had me playing this song everywhere I went.

TREVOR

- Here's what I was listening to when we recorded our new album, *Prosperity*:
1. Art of Noise | *Beat Box*
This has been a standard in the break scene since its 1983 release. But it was also a groundbreaking experiment in digital sampling and sound collage which bridged the avant-garde and pop worlds.
 2. Miles Davis | *Call it Anything (live)*
Miles & his band's 38-minute improv jam at the 1970 Isle of Wright festival captured the moment when jazz went electric and fused with the psychedelic rock movement. This is *Bitches Brew* era Miles when he supposedly "sold out" and pissed on the jazz establishment.
 3. Marvin Gaye | *Run On*
This is my favorite song from one of my favorite albums, *What's Going On*. Marvin rebelled against Motown's hit factory mentality and delivered a passionate record which addressed the social unrest of the time, and he fully utilised the musicianship of the Funk Brothers, Motown's unheralded house band.
 4. Norwegian Soul feat. India | *Runaway*
One of my favourite songs from the past decade. It's a cover of a 70s Loleatta Holloway/Salsoul Orchestra tune. I always replay the part when India starts to sing in Spanish during the bridge to the song's outro.
 5. Public Enemy | *Bring the Noise*
When the man is on your ass just blast some PE, raise a fist in the air and give 'em the screw face!
 6. Time Zone | *World Destruction*
One of Afrika Bambaataa's side projects, this apocalyptic, rap/punk hybrid was a collaboration with John 'Rotten' Lydon and Bill Laswell's band, Material. It perfectly captures the despair of the Reagan/Thatcher era...which means it's very relevant today!



sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

AUGUST

6 Johnny Dowd @ Railway Club | Dode of Flesh, Vile, Decept Birth, Odius Morrem @ Lamplighter | Malente, OJ, Lieutenant Dan, B-Rad @ Christ Church Cathedral (Early Show) | Jerry Adolph & Friends @ Yale

13 Paul Kelly @ Media Club Wax Mannequin, Sarah Metzner, D. Trevlon, Joey Baldreich @ Railway Club Masters of the Late feat. Matthew Wadsworth @ UBC Recital Hall | Outdoor Cinema w/ REPMAN, Battle Royale 9PM @ Maslanski's

20 Sarah Harmer @ Malkin Bowl | Wolf Parade, Frog Eyes @ Commodore | The Geezers, The Union Jacks @ Lamplighter | Landau, Disepktion, Royal Foxbridge, Vincent Parker, Ian Wyatt @ Maslanski's

27 Jimmy Bowskill @ Yale SIZ, Divulsiarist, Mistress Jen, Tracey Saxby, Brandy Blue's Burlesque @ Railway Club Outdoor Cinema w/ I'm Gonna Git You Sika, plus surprise classic @ Maslanski's

7 Vancouver, Dreamdate, Weathered Pines, The Moore Brothers @ Maritime Club Self Rule @ Cobalt | Rajaton @ Christ Church Cathedral (Early Show) | Jerry Adolph & Friends @ Yale

14 French Kicks, Matt & Kim, The Fall Collection @ Richards | David Gray @ Deer Lake Park | The Jane Be Jones, Jack Harlan, Rodney DeCoo @ Railway Club | New Orchestra Workshop @ Cellar Jazz Club

21 The Modelos, Megan Jeroni, Band @ Railway Club | The Gerd Ordina Trio @ Cellar Jazz Club | boxtiller @ Buffalo Club

28 Ben Lee, The Suits XI @ Richards | T. Nile & The Peals, Rick Danko's Ghost, The Land of Deborah @ Railway Club The Aeroplane Trio @ Cellar Jazz Club

8 Courtney Wing, Steve Reynolds, Emily Spiller @ Media Club | Swanstris, Heartwarming, A Ghost To Kill Again @ Railway Club Oliver & The Elements @ Yale Bellini's | Puritan @ Orpheum House

15 The Blind Boys of Alabama @ Abbotsford Pentecostal Assembly | Monte Nordstrom, David Gannett, Willy Krueger, Deht Wong @ Railway Club Glenn Miller Orchestra @ Orpheum | Chamber Music from 17th Century Germany @ UBC Recital Hall

22 Tool, Isis @ GM Place Transylvanian Polka, Evan Synnora, Kym Brown, The Rain & The Sidewalk @ Railway Club

29 Rym McMahon Band, Coco Love Alcorn, Headwater, Mike Alviano @ Railway Club

9 Treacherous Machete, Hung Jury, Raised by Wolves @ Railway Club | Hot Lolas, Ninja High School, Blue Grey Dots, Luanas! @ Video- In Studios | My Revenge!, Revenge, Set Foot @ A.I.F House

16 A Silver Mount Zion, Carla Borulich @ Richard's | Killa Killa, Mat The Alien, Hedspein, Phascratch (No Luck Club) @ Plaza Club | Belinda Bruce & The Tawny Stars, The Beige, The Jane Be Jones @ Railway Club | Baroque Masterworks of Italy @ Chan Centre

23 Darkest Hour, Misery Signals, From A Second Story Window, Versus The Mirror @ Mojo Stars, David Ward Trio @ Media Club | Loose Acoustic, Greenlaw Avenue, Arthur Funkarelli @ Railway Club

30 Genghis Tron, A Javelin Reign, Pale Shark Real Zombis, Moftra @ The Pub | International Pop Overthrow feat. John Hoskinson & The Irises, Last Day Lost, Penstive, Ewins, Swile Row, Broken Condom Babies, Rocky Jr. @ Railway Club

10 DJ Steak @ Republic | Sounds of the Underground, GWAIR, Cannibal Corpse, Terror, In Flames, 3 Inches of Blood, etc. @ P.N.E. | Hank & Lily, David P. Smith, MadDraw @ Railway Club | Broadband Noise @ Lamplighter

17 Orchard Highway, Sweetheart, Edmonton Block Heater @ Railway Club | Super Being @ Plaza Club | Betty Kracker, Mendonna, The People Versus, 12 Year Old Girl @ Pat's Pub | Fractal Pattern @ Pat's Pub

24 Memphis @ Richard's The Beautiful Girls @ Plaza Club | Photostatic CD Release Party feat. Shewave @ Media Club | Innocent Bystander, The Rocket, Mr. White @ Backstage Lounge | Daydream Nation @ Lamplighter

31 International Pop Overthrow feat. Madison's Panic, Laura Smith, Cone of Silence, Vilot, Cherde Jardine, The Tomorrow, Edmonton Block Heater @ Railway Club The High Dials, Shapes and Sizes @ Lamplighter

11 The Buttless Chaps, Corbin Murdoch @ Railway Club Roy Book Binder @ Rime The Invisible Eyes, Eux Autres, The R.A.D.I.O. @ Lamplighter The Whiskeyjacks, The Dikeweeks, @ Abitibi Boat My Project: Blue @ Pat's Pub

18 Geoff Berner Trio, The Plaintiffs, Any Honey @ Railway Club | Book of Lists, The Basement Sweets, Shearing Pinx, The People Versus @ Lamplighter | The Death Nays Ladies Night, Rat Fancy, Vapid @ Pat's Pub | Pub 340

25 Blue Rodeo, Kathleen Edwards @ Malkin Bowl Krome CD Release Party feat. State of Shock @ Media Club | The Mercuties, The Hits @ Marine Club | Distort Vancouver Festival @ W.I.S.E. Hall

12 The Buttless Chaps, The Concrete Lions @ Railway Club | DJ Tegan @ Tegan & Sarah, The Flairs @ Lamplighter | Life Against Death @ Cobalt | Scott, Sean Wesley Wood, Trecherous Machete 8PM @ Maslanski's

19 City and Colour, Black Lungs @ Malkin Bowl | Pride Tiger, Lions in the Street @ Cobalt | Mother, Parlor Straps, Tyson Naylor Trio @ Railway Club | Welkin, Yucca, Ryan Townsend Band @ Media Club | The Spliffers, The Gung-Hos, The Baldeans @ The Pub

26 Ladyhawk @ Columbia Mark Burles Project, Streetlight Scenery, Revolution Dance Hits @ Video-In Studios Bardside Death Squad @ Cobalt Saifley Show, Heartwarming, Les Zingoes @ Maslanski's

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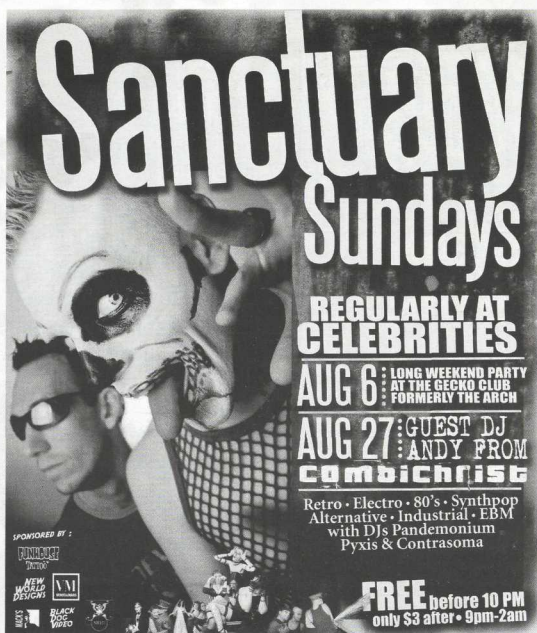
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THE AGE OF ELECTRIC EMPIRE

by Curtis Woloschuk ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEATHOOK

PART TWO

Previously: Todd Kerns escaped the subterranean TASCAM Detention Facility! Interim leader Jason Grimmer called The Super Group into action! Kerns reassembled Age of Electric and breached the defences of our hero's headquarters!

HOPING THE CURB, THEY SHOOT HORSES' van came to a tire-peeling slide stop outside The Super Group's Strathcona compound. Behind the wheel, vocalist/guitarist Josh gripped a CB radio transmitter and implored, "Wolf King, this is Nut Brown. Do you copy?" A vacuum of white noise reared itself in response. "I'm not raising shit," he exclaimed before bouncing the transmitter off the dashboard in frustration.

"Jeepers. Looks like we've got ourselves a spot of trouble," advised Chris-a-riffic from the passenger side.

Josh turned to the keyboardist, only to find his gaze drawn to the window beside Chris-a-riffic instead. Eight hired thugs had abandoned their positions at the entrance of the compound and were engaged in a lockstep march towards the horses' vehicle. "Looks like Kerns hired himself some muscle," Josh surmised. "Do your thing."

Chris-a-riffic retrieved a brown paper bag that was stowed within the glove compartment. Opening the bag and placing it over his nose and mouth, the hulking musician rabidly sniffed its contents: a synthetic reproduction of the paint from Francis Bacon's "Figure with Meat." Each inhalation saw the affable keyboardist's complexion grow increasingly flushed. Veins began to bulge from his forehead. His pupils dilated. Dropping the crumpled bag to the floor of the van, he menacingly muttered, "Colours. I want to turn them into colours."

"Nice van, faggots," chided the lead thug from outside the vehicle. One of his cohorts slapped him encouragingly on the back of his Audioslave shirt. The remainder of the throng started to encircle the horses' transport. "Where'd you..."

The would-be witticism never saw completion. Instead, the passenger door swung open and a fume-fuelled Chris-a-riffic flung himself through the air. Touching down on the concrete, he punched an encroaching Godsmack devotee in the midsection. Throwing an elbow backwards, a stream of blood was sent flying from a Korn fan's nose. Gripping an AFI aficionado by the cheeks, Chris-a-riffic pulled the man close and hissed, "I want to see your colours." The hired muscle promptly vented his bowels.

* * *

BRACKETED BY FELLOW AGE OF ELECTRIC members Ryan Dahle and John Kerns, a sneering Todd Kerns took a predatory step towards Super Groupers Jason Grimmer and Kurt Dahle. "Give us what belongs to us," he prodded. When Grimmer shook his head in defiance, Kerns instructed, "Stand down. This doesn't involve you. This is a family matter."

"Come on, Kurt," encouraged Ryan Dahle. "It'll be just like old times." He recounted, "Remember the '95 Canadian tour? That night in Winnipeg?" His eyes warmed with nostalgia. "We

did all that fuckin' mescaline with Tom Jackson and then paid those hobos to suck each other off while we watched."

"We got to a really beautiful place that night," added John Kerns.

"Uhhhhh..." Dahle could feel Grimmer's appraising stare settle on him. "I don't want to go back to Winnipeg. Ever. I've moved on. I mean, the Pornographers just played Lollapalooza."

"Ooooooo! Lollapalooza!" mocked Todd Kerns. "Stop it! You're going to make my nipples hard." His underlings joined him in a laugh. "Let me make this clear. I'm not asking. I'm telling you how it's going to be." He watched a wave of anger wash over Grimmer. "What? What are you going to do?" He catalogued: "Dixon and Bristow are trapped downstairs. The Winks are taking a nap break. Those precious ponies you called in are getting their asses handed to them outside." Knuckles were cracked. "You about ready to throw down, choir boy?"

An unexpected grin curled Grimmer's lips. "I've got zero interest in trading punches with a waste like you," he advised. Glancing over his shoulder, he suggested, "Kurt... Unlatch the drunk trunk."

Dahle leapt into the air with a trapeze artist's grace. Employing the communication platform's banister as a vaulting horse, he launched himself to the lower floor of the command centre. As he touched down on the sofa below, his weight shifted and he catapulted into an arching somersault that carried him over the trance-ravaged Winks. Dahle's second landing brought him down directly in front of an immense steamer trunk. The drummer unlatched the trunk's lock before rising to his feet. Seconds later, the four members of Ladyhawk began to unfold themselves from within the container in the same manner a troupe of clowns might extricate themselves from a compact Volkswagen.

"What the...?" The combination of Dahle's dizzying display of agility and the sudden arrival of reinforcements had left Kerns bewildered.

"Things change pretty fast around here," suggested Grimmer. "Your odds, for instance. You're not only outnumbered, but you also have four drunken masters to contend with. Each of these jagguwar recording artists is trained in the The Eight Drunken Gods." He temporarily averted his eyes to watch the Ladyhawk lads pass around a forty of Colt 45. Abandoning the bottle, the quartet then stumbled into their combat stances. "These boys are about to put you back underground."

A recomposed Kerns issued a reassuring nod to each of his underlings. He next retrieved a pager-sized device from his belt and smiled boldly. "Where do you suppose all that power we drained from your headquarters went?" he queried. Unwilling to wait on a response, Kerns activated the device. A bolt of blue electricity ruptured forth, only to be reined in by the villain's fingers. Lightning-like sprigs and sparks danced and crackled in his palm. With pure malice contorting his face, Kerns hurled a hail of hostile voltage at the Ladyhawk beards. Unable to react in time, the quartet were struck dead on. As they fried and convulsed, clouds of residual marijuana wafted from their pores and started to hotbox the headquarters.

"Christ on a cross!" shouted Grimmer. He

instinctively grabbed a coffee mug from a nearby counter and sent it sailing across the room. It collided with Kerns' hand and veered his longrange assault off course. Aggravated by Grimmer's gall, Kerns turned his attention to The Super Group's leader. With surplus electricity still tracing his fingertips, he tossed a destructive barrage towards his target. Dropping to the floor, Grimmer felt the air bristle as lightning crackled overhead and set the communications console alight.

"Hey, chief!" cried Dahle from across the room.

"A little busy here!" bemoaned Grimmer. Back on his feet, he swiveled hard to his right in order to avoid another of Kerns' attacks.

"You're going to want to see this," insisted Dahle. "Guess who finally made contact with the doveltailed starfish guardian of the primordial psyche?"

At the centre of the room, the meditating Winks had indeed channelled their celestial emissary. A ten-foot tall, ultra-terrestrial invertebrate had materialized from the ether and now stood upright on two of its translucent appendages. The starfish creature's upper limbs writhed in apparent anger while its finely feathered tail swung and snapped like a bullwhip. Setting its unseeing sights on the Age of Electric, it began a lumbering approach towards its quarry. Bracing himself defiantly, Kerns clicked a second button on his handheld device. A blanket of writhing electrical current immediately enveloped his body. He next placed a hand on each of his cohorts and the field of energy enfolding them as well. The trio readied themselves for combat.

"...Duckworth... Anyone there?" Behind Grimmer, the faint traces of an outside transmission emanated from the communication console's speakers. "I'm... a lot... noise over... line."

"Kurt!" Grimmer gestured for Dahle to join him on the command platform. "Jack's trying to get through."

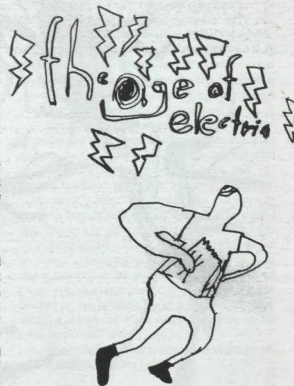
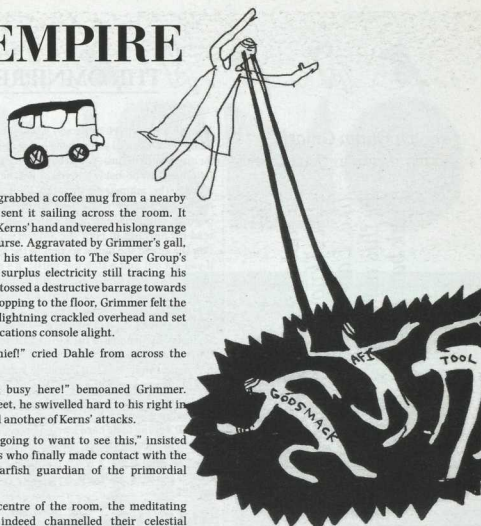
Dahle cartwheeled across the room. Eyeing the singed and smoking console, he suggested, "I think Kerns' electric bolts might have inadvertently resuscitated the system." Further switches were flipped and dials cranked in an attempt to establish a signal. "Kind of like a defibrillator reviving a cardiac victim."

"Damn it, Dahle. You know I can't stomach analogies," chastised Grimmer before imploring, "Get me a clear line out of here. We need backup."

At the centre of the room, the otherworldly starfish guardian and Age of Electric were closing the distance between each other. Taking the forward point in a rudimentary triangle formation, Kerns yelled, "In the service of her royal majesty!" The battle cry was taken up by his compatriots.

"Her royal majesty?" Grimmer echoed contemplatively. A realization suddenly struck him with devastating force. At the communication console, Dahle offered an affirmative thumbs up. Grimmer leapt forward, pushed the "Transmit" button and shouted, "Jack! I need you mobile!" Already considering strategy, he ordered, "I need you to get Naked. Did you catch that? Get Naked!"

TO BE CONCLUDED... 5



KICK OUT THE LIGHTS

THE OMNIPRESENT JASON GRIMMER BIDS ADIEU TO VANCOUVER

by Quinn Omori

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL BROWN

"I just sort of lost interest in yelling a lot...I was sort of known for getting really, really drunk. I was like, I don't wanna go in that direction anymore, be this old guy around town who used to be in this punk band who's all messed up now."

IF YOU'RE THE TYPE of person who bothers to pick up *Discorder*, and you've been living in Vancouver for any length of time, you probably recognize Jason Grimmer. He's probably sold you one of your favourite records (he manages Zulu), but his contribution to the city's music scene goes far deeper than the popular independent music store. You may have read his musings in both the *Straight* and *Terminal City* (he edited the music section in the latter). But, if you get out and watch live music, it's most likely that you've seen him play. Jason's had his mark in so many bands that a collective of his collaborators is probably large enough to fill any of Vancouver's smaller venues, most of which he's played a show in. He'll play his last one at the Media Club fronting the Christa Min two days before this issue of *Discorder* hits newsstands. While it certainly won't mark the end of his music-making, it will mark the last time for a long time that he graces a Vancouver stage for a hometown show.

"It's going to be hard leaving here. I'm going to miss it, the people I know," he says of his impending move to Montréal. "I did a lot when I was here. I think." That's certainly an understated way of putting it.

A native of New Brunswick, Grimmer's seen his fair share of Canada, going to school in Hamilton and living in Vancouver once before, returning for a brief stay in the Maritimes before settling back on the West Coast. "I moved back here in 1999, started at Zulu in 2000, and that's when I sort of started all the bands."

The Nasty On was the first "serious" ("it wasn't that serious, but still serious enough to try and get shows") endeavour that he fronted. It was the product of two earlier projects that also involved Allen Forrester and Matt Lyons. "There's always been me and Allen and Matt from the Nasty On. We always did stuff together. We had a band

called Mystery Craters," notes Grimmer. Along with Mystery Craters, the trio played "a few house parties" with Mark Epp and Jason's wife Kathy Dubé under the name Janitor during his first tenure on the West Coast.

Upon returning to Vancouver, Janitor split into two, with Epp and Dubé forming The Clinch (along with CC Rose, Jennifer Smyth, and Geoff Thompson), while Allen, Matt and Jason founded the Nasty On. Known for a live show that could be either glorious or a train wreck (sometimes both), some of the band's shows are now legendary. "Early on we were really inspired by the band Slow. That was the Nasty On's whole thing, which was be as drunk and sloppy as you can."

No matter how good the results are, you can only keep up that kind of existence for so long, which partly explains why the Nasty On have been more or less silent for the last year or more. Says Jason, "I just sort of lost interest in yelling a lot...I was sort of known for getting really, really drunk. I was like, I don't wanna go in that direction anymore, be this old guy around town who used to be in this punk band who's all messed up now." He also made a conscious decision to have a larger hand in writing the music he was performing. "I didn't play anything. I didn't write any of the music, so I wanted to know how to play stuff, and I became interested in changing things around."

"It was really inspired by Destroyer's *This Night*. I didn't want to sound like that, but I liked the idea of how loose that sounded and how that record...was meandering, and had tons of guitar all over the place," says Grimmer, speaking to the motivation behind what would become the Christa Min. "It was a concentrated effort to learn songs that I could play on my own. Also, I wanted to play in a band with Paul Malcolm, who was in Video Tokyo. I wanted to play with certain people."

The resulting band was not only much looser than the Nasty On, but much more versatile. A show with the Min might feature any number of musicians from its rotating live cast. "We got asked to open for the Black Angels, and I was like, 'well, our bassist is out of town' and they were like, 'well, can you put something together really quickly?'" So that day we went into the practice space and created something we called "Puppet Jupiter," loaded in the band and opened up for them. I don't know how that went over, but the Black Angels said they loved it," says Jason, explaining their ability to adapt.

In contrast to the four to the floor riffage of the Nasty On, the Christa Min is dense and druggy sounding, taking cues from psych-pop bands like the 13th Floor Elevators, while maintaining a darker edge. That edge is tempered, however, by their name. "Her playing in Video Tokyo was amazing. She's a great writer. We just like the idea of her," says Grimmer of Christa Min. "We thought it would be really funny to take her name and see what kind of reaction we'd get." In addition to the former *Discorder* columnist's namesake, Jason filled his post-Nasty On time with two other groups of Vancouver musicians.

"It started a long time ago at Zulu when Nic Brage decided we should have a store band that was going to be inspired by Superconductor, because...

they had a real affiliation with Scratch records," says Grimmer of the friendly inter-store rivalry that helped lead to the creation of the Countless Jibes. Boasting a lineup that includes pretty much everyone that works with Jason at his day job (and then some), the dozen or so members look like a hipper version of the Polyphonic Spree, going off with the same amount of joyful intensity on most evenings. Free of any expectations to tour, record, or even write songs more than a few days before a show, the Jibes are the result of one of the purest motivations to form a band: the urge to simply have fun with some friends. Despite the band's somewhat tongue-in-cheek origins, the resulting music—loose, dirty, and psychedelic—is nothing to laugh at, and they've held their own on bills with the likes of Mudhoney, the Walkmen, Wolf Parade and the Decemberists. Not bad for "a bit of a joke."

"Anemones is Steve Ballough's band. He just asked me and Kathy to join," says Jason of the final musical endeavour he's been splitting his time in. Originally featuring two drummers, the band's now shrunk down to a quartet, leaving a drum machine to keep time behind a wall of sound reminiscent of Spaceman 3. Droning organ sheaths the rumbling bass and sharp guitar, while Jason croons over top of it all, with occasional vocal assistance from Kathy, who plays Hope Sandoval to his Jim Reid.

While the Nasty On is a done deal (at least for the foreseeable future) and the Min and Jibes will continue without Jason, Anemones will push forward with its current lineup. "When it came time to leave, we were just going to break up the band, and I just talked to Steve and said, 'you know we've adapted to all this so far, and it's done pretty well, and we're all really happy with where it's going and people seem to like it, so we might as well try and continue and adapt to it.'" Rather than hash things out in the same room, Anemones are taking a page from the Postal Service (technically, not musically), and will continue to record long-distance. "We plan on doing this project for years and years and years."

Along with Anemones, Grimmer already has a new band ready to write once he makes his move at the beginning of next month. Montreallers will be able to check out the as-yet untitled project at this year's Pop Montréal, and Vancouverites will no doubt see him on stage here sometime in the future. By the time you read this, though, he'll have played his last few shows in Vancouver with house keys in his pocket.

Maybe you missed them, maybe you caught some, but either way, there's utility to be a whole lot of fanfare around them. A bit of a quiet farewell for a guy who's made such a huge contribution to some of the very best things about Vancouver, but that probably suits him just fine. "I think my leaving is drawn out already. I'd rather just disappear. I hate goodbyes and things like that."

The *Straight*, Dan Bejar, the Starfish Room, the Cobalt, Slow, DOA, maybe even *Discorder*: there are certain things that have been and continue to be synonymous with the city's music scene. And, despite the fact that he "never planned on staying here as long as [he] did," Jason Grimmer is one of them.

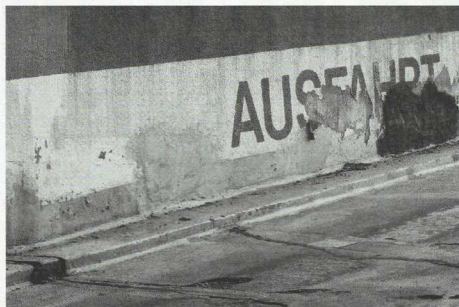
"It's going to be hard leaving here. I'm going to miss it, the people I know"



ALL ROADS LEAD TO

NOMEANSNO

by Allan MacInnis



Volker Stock



Markus Schöppe



Hartmut Schneider

GREATEST HITS COMPILATIONS and mini-EPs aside, it has been six years since there was a new Nomeansno album. *All Roads Lead to Ausfahrt*, to be released in Vancouver on August 22nd, has Nomeansno aficionados worldwide drooling. Fans flew from as far as Poland to see the CD release show on June 29th at the Commodore as part of the jazz festival (Rob: "It's official, we're jazz punk!"). Copies weren't actually on sale then, but the band did sell a few at their Tofino, Lund, and Denman Island shows—a couple of which were immediately posted on eBay by less scrupulous attendees.

John Chedsey is the band's webmaster (www.nomeanswhatever.com), sometimes roadie, and the founder of the punk and metal review site, Satan Stole My Teddybear (www.sml-reviews.com/db/). He says of *Ausfahrt*, "I think it'll go down as one of the best albums in their entire catalogue. It's great from beginning to end. The CD is a mix between Nomeansno and Hanson Brothers, insofar as the band realized you could write good songs that are around four minutes long, but still retain the complexity of classic Nomeansno." Thanks to Blair Calibaba's excellent production, it is probably their finest sounding recording to date.

New York-based forum participant Strangest, who paid over \$600 US to fly here for all four BC shows, describes the disc as "an incredibly mixed straight-up-rock and roll album with a hefty dose of NMN thrown in," and says "Rob just explodes and has never sounded more confident. Tom sounds like thunder, John sounds like lightning and you can 'hear' how much fun they're having..."

I asked Rob Wright about fans who fly across the world to see Nomeansno, and he grinned. "I think they're nuts, I always tell them that. 'Why are you doing this? This is crazy! There are bands in your hometown you could go see...' Well, I hope you're having a great vacation, but it's a little embarrassing, really, it is..."

The band's creative process was a bit different this time around. While Rob usually

writes the songs and gives parts to his brother John and guitarist Tom Holliston to learn or elaborate on, this time John Wright took the helm as the primary music writer. Holliston, who has previously devoted most of his songwriting to his work with Show Business Giants and his solo CDs, was also more involved, which may explain why this is the most guitar-oriented release since Andy Kerr departed. Rob Wright describes the process: "A lot of it just came in with people bringing in parts and sticking them together and then about a month before the recording session we had, like, eleven songs that didn't have any words, and I thought, well... So I just kept going to the practice space early in the morning and, boom, writing lyrics, which is a lot of fun. I find it very easy, in a sense, to put lyrics onto other people's music—easier than writing my own songs." Fans of Rob's songwriting need not worry, though; they'll immediately recognize "Mr. In Between" and the grim "I'm Dreaming and I Can't Wake Up" as entirely his.

I asked Rob about the disconcerting level of peppiness to this release. "The last album before this, *One*, was a particularly dark album. This album is in a sense like *Wrong* was, because after we did *Small Parts*, we thought, well, no more epics, whatever seems to have a good beat, we'll put that on..." Since *Wrong* is considered by many the band's high-water mark, all this can only be seen as an auspicious sign.

The title of the disc refers to the experience of driving in Germany. Perceptive fans of the discussion forum have already figured out that it basically means "all roads lead to the off-ramp." In Germany, freeway exits are not labeled with town names, merely the word "Ausfahrt." John Wright came up with the title and cover concept, with a little help from Chedsey. The younger Wright describes it as "a tip of the hat to the Deutschers. We all know the joke about the largest city in Germany, or maybe we don't... No question that Europe, and Germany in particular, has been a major reason we have been able to carry on

so many years. We have a great fan base over there."

The band's next European tour kicks off in France on November 22nd, after they finish a major US tour. No new Vancouver dates have been announced.

Much of Nomeansno's back catalogue has been getting scarcer since they left Alternative Tentacles five years ago, but is gradually coming back into print. "The next two will be *Small Parts* and *0+2*, which Southern UK will release on CD in September," Holliston tells me, advising fans not to waste huge amounts of money on eBay. The new album will be coming out on Ipecac/AntAcid in North America. Referring to the history of issues with Tentacles distributor Mordam Records, John Wright comments, "Perhaps with some good distribution here this time we'll actually sell some records!"

Another future release to look forward to: Rob Wright recorded two vocal cuts with the Italian thrash band Zu (www.zuism.com), who toured with them briefly in BC. Massimo, Zu's bassist, reports that there is no official release date for the collaboration. Rob says he absolutely insists it be called *A Visit to the Zu with Mr. Wrong*. ("And you have me in a monkey cage passing a joint to a chimpanzee on the cover..."). Zu's maniacal baritone sax player Luca, sporting a goatee and wearing a Slayer t-shirt, joined Nomeansno onstage at the jazz fest for their encore, a cover of Miles Davis' "Bitches' Brew," with lyrics by Rob. Though he thinks it's "one of the best things" the band has done, he suspects it may have sunk *One*—not every punk can take 15 minutes of tortured introspection based on a reworked jazz classic.

Nomeansno tend to shy away from publicity and are not particularly internet-savvy. Though John says that he is glad that the Nomeansners finally have a home, he admits that the band rarely, if ever, look in on the website. For years, the band had no net presence at all. Chedsey has described getting them to participate on the site as being

like "herding cats... Since the band isn't exactly the best about remembering to provide me with information, I started making up my own news for the front page." The site is rife with ridiculous disinformation, in which the band occasionally participates, with typical good humour (Asked whether the Hanson Brothers have officially called it quits, Tom answers that "testicular ascension can be a spoiler," and John W. pitches in, "They're all in jail."). Chedsey has hinted that I may have gotten my chain pulled "at least once" during the brief interview. I assume no responsibility for the veracity of information in this article.

I asked John Wright about the grim state of affairs in the world today and the contradiction with the energetic and playful quality of the new songs. "Aw, well, there's nothing like a song about death you can snap your fingers to," he answered. "The state of things today isn't that different from 30 or 40 years ago. But my advice, invest in Coppertone." Tom thinks a bit and then adds, "There has always been a Tamerlane. That said, the world has, in my opinion, be a better place if motorists used their turning indicators. I don't think it will happen anytime soon."

The word *ausfahrt* might indicate to worried fans that the band is considering retirement. (The answer to the rather famously-posed question of "how fucken old" they are is "44, 46, and 52," though Holliston adds that "age means nothing! Who cares?"). John Wright chuckles. "Apparently we have been breaking up since '92. Why should this time be any different? All our albums are our retirement albums. That's why we have to put out so many!" Holliston continues. "The band have never looked too far ahead, although nowadays there are so many places to play that we are booked or are booking up to a year in advance. BB King is turning 80 in August, playing on his birthday. Who knows?"

Rob Wright had left to go golfing at this point, so had nothing further to add. **D**

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DEAR READERS OF DISORDER

I LIVE IN A SUBURBAN BASEMENT, EXILED FROM ALL THAT IS COOL + HIP. THE TRENDS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD ONLY OCCASIONALLY DRIFT UP THE HILL TO MY SPHERE, AND BY THEN THEY'RE WEATHERED AND STALE, MAKING ME FASHIONABLE ONLY AT STAG PARTIES THROWN BY THIRTY-THREE YEAR OLD PHARMACEUTICAL GRADUATES. AND SO WITH THIS LETTER, I PLEAD FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE.

US MUSIC FANS NEED TO STICK TOGETHER. IT'S TIME FOR US TO SAY HELLO TO EACH OTHER, TO CONNECT IN REALLY THE ONLY WAY WE KNOW HOW: THE MIXTAPE.

MULTI-TRACK HAVE LONG BEEN ONE OF MY LIMITED MEANS OF SHOW-
ING AFFECTION. LIKE PHRASES OF POETRY THAT MAKE
PRECISE WHAT YOU CAN ONLY ARTICULATE VAGUELY, THEY
OFFER A VOICE WHEN YOUR TONGUE IS MOST TIED OR
TIMID. I THINK A LOT OF MUSIC FANS ARE THE SAME WAY:
WE LISTEN TO MUSIC THAT SPEAKS WHAT WE WISH WE COULD,
AND SO A GOOD MIX CAN BECOME SOMETHING OF A MONO-
LOGUE.

THEY'RE CHAMELEON IN THEIR ABILITY TO SHIFT COLOURS AND SAY JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. I FIRST STARTED MAKING MUTAPES AROUND THE AGE OF TEN, OFFERING MY FIRST EFFORTS IN CASSETTES W/ PENCIL CRAYON COVERS TO FAMILY ON LONG CAR TRIPS. I'D SIT IN THE BACK SEAT GAGING EVERYONE'S REACTION TO MY SMALL PARCEL OF MUSIC, FEELING SUPREMELY VALIDATED WHEN SOMEONE WOULD HOLY SAY, "I LIKED THAT ONE," IN THE SPACE BETWEEN SONGS. THEY QUICKLY BECAME, AND REMAIN, A WAY OF MAKING CONVERSATION.

THOUGH I SHOULD MENTION THAT THIS METHOD HAS NEVER ONCE WORKED FOR ME, DESPITE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS, I HOLD THAT MIXTAPES CAN WIN SOMEONE'S HEART. THEY'RE A TESTAMENT TO WHAT YOU RELATE TO, WORDS THAT HAVE MOVED YOU, AND SO THEY OFFER A CERTAIN SPACE FOR COMMON EMOTIONAL GROUND BETWEEN TWO ROMANTICS. WHAT MAKES YOU TAP YOUR TOES CAN BE OF PROFOUND RELEVANCE IN MATTERS OF LOVE.

MIXES ARE SOURCES OF COMFORT, HOMES TO SEEK REFUGE WITHIN WHEN THINGS FAIL AND GROW DIM. THEY CAN BE GESTURES OF COMPASSION, TELEGRAMS THAT READ "FUCK OFF!", OR THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO SURVIVE THE BUS-RIDE TO WORK.

AND OF COURSE, THE MIXTAPE SERVES A MORE ALTRUISTIC VALUE, AS WELL. THE BEST WAY TO FIND OUT ABOUT MUSIC IS FROM OTHER FANS, AND THE MIX CAN BE A PLACE TO PROMOTE AN ARTIST WHEN CRIMINALLY FEW ARE LISTENING TO THEM. THEY'RE TIME CAPSULES,

DOCUMENTING AND ENCOMPASSING THE ONGOING HISTORY
OF MUSIC FROM YOUR SOLITARY PERSPECTIVE.

FOR THIS REASON, I THINK WE SHOULD HEAR FROM EACH OTHER. MIXED APES IS A VANCOUVER MUSICAL CONVERSATION. MAKE A TAPE, MAKE A CD, MAKE AN 8-TRACK, AND LEAVE IT SOMEWHERE PUBLIC. LET A STRANGER PICK IT UP AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS. IT CAN BE ANYTHING. MAKE A MIX FOR A LOVER, AN ENEMY, YOURSELF, MIKE LAPOINTE, AND THEN LET IT LOOSE ON OUR RAIN-SOAKED STREETS.

PERHAPS I WILL EVEN FIND A REFRESHING ~~NEW~~ MIX
OUT HERE IN MY LONESOME SUBURB. I WILL HIDDLE
IT TO MY CHEST, SCURRY HOME, AND FEEL AWASH
IN ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL WORDS WE SAY TO EACH
OTHER WITHOUT KNOWING HOW.

- MIKE LAPOINTE

A FEW THINGS TO NOTE

01. If you find a mix, replace it with one of your own.
02. You don't need to find one to make one.
03. CDs, tapes, 8-tracks and dub plates accepted.
04. Include the Mixed Apes cover sheet and a track list with every mix.

[illegible]

UNDER REVIEW

THE PIPETTES, MSTRKRFT, OPUS DAI SONIC YOUTH, CARIBOU, JAMES FIGURINE GREG GRAFFIN, KINKY

The Pipettes We Are the Pipettes (Memphis Industries)

Reviews tend to privilege the kind of music that hits you immediately, as opposed to albums that take more time to become beloved. Perhaps this explains pop's continued domination of Western music. If this is the case, The Pipettes are a pop juggernaut. I haven't stopped listening to *We Are the Pipettes* once in the last three days, and it doesn't look like the troops are going to retreat any time soon. I am completely smitten by the Pipettes' updated spin on classic girl-group sounds. It's all there—the bright piano, call-and-response vocals, the slow-building drums that make you want to pull someone close and slow-dance. And it's all turned up to 11.

Where Camera Obscura and the Concretes merely take things from girl-group stylings, The Pipettes work completely within the genre, producing

pop-perfect melodies and re-vamping traditional girl-group songwriting. Unlike true-love balladeers The Ronettes and The Shangri-Las, The Pipettes aren't interested in walking in the sand—they'd rather kick it in your face. In "Your Kisses are Wasted on Me," the background vocals croon, "It's so sweet," as the lead intones icily, "I've had about enough of sweet," in a tough-sexy Brighton accent. The chorus of "One Night Stand" declares, "I don't love you, I don't want you, if you think this is cruel, you should see what my friends do..." The combination of caustic lyrics with traditionally sentimental and vulnerable music is an excellent prank: in the song "Sex," for example, the lead singer explains to a pretty-but-loquacious boy, "When you get you, you're really quite a bore" overtop classic 0000-eeee-000-000 background vocals. On the other hand, more straightforward tracks like "Under a Winter's Sky" and "Tell me What you Want" prove that even without

the jokes, the Pipettes are a force to be reckoned with. *We Are the Pipettes* is a modern classic for girls who don't wait for boys to call, and for boys who like their girls more smart-mouthed than love-lorn.

Kat Siddle

Sonic Youth Rather Ripped (Geffen)

Did anyone else think *Sonic Nurse* kind of blew? I mean, *Murray Street* was most definitely a return to form in the pantheon of great Sonic Youth albums, and Kim's been turning in some of the best songs of her career as of late. But the albums kind of live or die on the Thurston tracks, and on *Sonic Nurse* he turned in a bunch of limp-wristed noodly garbage. Whatever peaks of Television-esque guitar interplay that were scaled last time around became endless jammy chugging, and everybody was too busy rushing

to call them "elder states-people" to notice.

Guess that's why I was a little wary of this one. I own more Sonic Youth CDs than any other band, and if the total is gonna increase, they'd better bring the goods. And they do, kinda sorta. O'Rourke's gone, and the aging Youth gang have pared down to a charming rock unit, indulging in cool, lean post-punkery, especially with Lee Ronald's lead on "Rats." There's no real fireworks here; all the "noise" is ever-so-tastefully woven in to the tunes, and there's no Borbetomagus lurking in the background. In fact, the closest they get to that sort of cave-man catharsis is Thurston's Merzbow tee in the band photo.

But it's summertime, and I'd have to be a total dick to tell you there's something wrong with good songs. Once again, Kim brings the best, and the album is really propped up on the strength of "Reena" and "Jams Run Free." Solid listen, front to back, so I guess there's nothing wrong with that.

Dave Nichols

James Figurine Mistakes, Mistakes, Mistakes, Mistakes, Mistakes (Plug Research)

While Jimmy Tamborello wasn't exactly a household name a few years ago, chances are by now even your awkward kid brother knows who this guy is. This is mostly due to him being one half of the Postal Service—he's the guy who's not that dude from the Death Cab—as well as his highly-regarded album *Life Is Full of Possibilities* under the name Dntel. Tamborello is also 1/3 of the techno-pop group Figurine, which is where we get the James Figurine persona.

On *Mistakes*, Tamborello set out to make a very minimal techno record splattered with the odd vocal whisperings, but things didn't really go according to plan. Instead, his pop tendencies got the better of him, leaving

this sounding most like his work in Figurine, with some dancy-techno tracks in between. On the vocal front, Tamborello has thankfully broken his vow of silence and stepped up to the mic, lending some simple words on a few tracks.

Mistakes brings some star power with the vocal talents of old friends Jenny Lewis and Erykah Badu. With the latter featuring on the album's best track, "All the Way to China." Like *Aphex Twin's Analord* series, this is a record that attempts to improve upon older formulas of electronic music, and Tamborello really does a decent job of it. While this may be no *Life Is Full of Possibilities*, it's not really that far off either. *Mistakes* is a tasty morsel to chew on while we await the next releases from Tamborello's more high-profile projects.

Block Thiessen

Greg Graffin Cold as the Clay (Anti)

What does an elder statesman of second-wave punk rock do when he wants to take his music down a significantly twangier path? Hook up with a quartet of former punks, who've been moving steadily in that very direction. Greg Graffin is best known as the singer of *Bad Religion*, but he might leave a lot of his fan base scratching their heads on this one. Backed by the Weakerthens (whose own front man left some Propagandhi devotees wondering what happened) and given a helping hand from folk chanteuse Jolie Holland, *Cold as the Clay* might be seen as a bit of a departure from Graffin's full time gig. It has been said that country is the original punk rock, but you might be hard pressed to find any SoCal scene devotees who wholeheartedly agree. At the same time, Graffin's solo outing will also leave country fans feeling a bit awkward.

Cold as the Clay has most of the elements of a great country

record. Even though their own music retains much more of a pop bent, the Weakerthens shine, doing for Graffin what *The Sadies* did for Neko Case. Stephen Carroll often uses his tasteful leads to add a bit of down-home tinge to his band's own material, but he's allowed to really let loose here, to fabulous results. Similarly, whenever Jolie Holland makes an appearance, her ragged harmonies play off Graffin's voice like Emmylou Harris did for Gram Parsons. And then there's Graffin's voice. I was never a huge fan of his singing in *Bad Religion's* brand of punk, but he has the perfect set of pipes for this type of venture. Somehow though, all these great parts fail to add up to an overly satisfying whole. When he does hit on a winner (like on the title track), Graffin's intelligent lyricism shines brighter in this setting than it ever did with his full time outfit. For the most part, however, the songwriting just isn't up to snuff, and those moments are few and far between.

"Going country" seems to be the thing to do these days. Rilo Kiley's leading lady, Jenny Lewis, paid homage to her Nashville influences to great effect earlier this year. *Stacy's* Amy Millan also seemed right at home on her bluegrass-soaked solo debut. Greg Graffin was on the right track when he assembled the players that joined him on this set of tunes. At the end of the day, though, no matter how many pickin' banjos, rich slide guitars, or country chanteuses you layer on a record, it's only as good as the songs themselves. *Cold as the Clay* had the backing cast to support something truly special; too bad it's merely competent.

Quinn Omori

Opus Dai Actum Procul (Double Blind Music)

For some reason we just got our copy of last year's five-song live EP debut of Opus Dai,

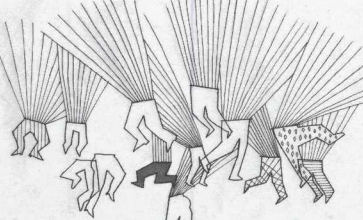
Shindig!

Are you a local band or musician? We are now accepting entries for Shindig! 2006.

We need from you:

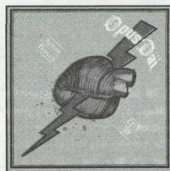
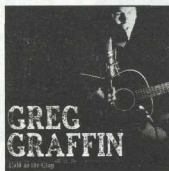
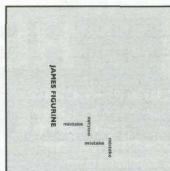
- 1) Three songs of original material.
- 2) Contact phone number and email address

Deadline is August 8th, 2006!



Email your mp3s to: mp3s@shindig2006.com or shindig2006@shindig2006.com

Send your cd/download cassette/7 inch to: Shindig! 2006 c/o CITR Radio 433-6138 SUB Blvd Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1



which is weird, since their new disc is now out. Nonetheless, *Actum Procul* is a great introduction to this Los Angeles foursome's prog-rock. Driving beats, serpentine riffs and hooky melodies combine to make an engaging sonic environment that seeps all the way into your brain stem.

For a live disc, the sound quality is suspiciously good, but hey, forty years into the overbush age, who really cares anyhow? I will say that they should have edited out the crowd rapport crap—what sounds and feels really cool in the context of a concert is often rather dumb on disc, and breaks the listener's absorption. That's my only quibble, though, so we'll let it slide.

Opus Dai are already being compared to The Mars Volta, which I find a bit misleading and frankly, I prefer Opus Dai—they're less tangential and psychedelic, and more straightforward, glorious hard rock. Opus Dai are amongst the new breed of proggers—their sound is fresh, and contrary to common prog stereotypes, there were no songs about wizards. Although, with their lyrical talent, they probably could pull it off without sounding 1983.

So, *Actum Procul* is the yummy appetizer, and I won't be waiting on our copy of the new disc to arrive by snail mail—I'll go get it myself.

Drake

MSTRKRFT **The Looks** (Last Gang)

MSTRKRFT seemed to come out of nowhere. Sure, Jesse Keeler is fairly well known as the bass singer in *Death from Above 1979*, but who saw this coming? The duo (consisting of Keeler and Al-P) first thrived themselves into music lovers' collective consciousness with a remix of Keeler's other gig. Their retouch of "Little Girl" took Jesse's proto-metal riffage to a place that was far more rhythmic,

while partner-in-crime Sebastian Grainger saw his 4/4 drums repressed with cowbell and compressed high hat. Then, all of a sudden, MSTRKRFT were everywhere and in demand.

Jesse and Al's seemingly magic touch has since graced singles by Annie, Metric, Panthers, Services, Polysics, The Gossip, and most notably, *Blue Party*, turning even the most languid single into your favourite DJ's new best friend. The latter band was fortunate enough to have their sleep-inducing one-off, "Two More Years," transformed from glorified *Silent Alarm* b-side status to a positively thrilling dance floor filler. All the attention spawned a wave of hype that threatened to drown MSTRKRFT's full-length debut, but they manage to keep things above water.

The first single, "Easy Love," opens with a keyboard line that's so smooth it almost slithers out of the speakers. "She's Good for Business" is all bass pulses and handclaps behind a multi-tracked, female-sung mantra of "I gotta shake it." If the world were full of hipster dive bars, it would be a sure shot anthem. Opener, "Work on You," is exactly what the latest Daft Punk album should've sounded like. *The Looks* is littered with similar ventures: songs that will remind you of other artists, all executed incredibly well. Justice, Simian, and "Chicago House" all come to mind, while slinky bass lines, old-school synths, and plenty of well-worn vocoder are painted all over the disc's eight tracks. Don't let the borrowed sounds dissuade you from picking this one up though: they're taking cues from some impressive forbearers. Though they aren't doing anything wholly original, they're sure goddamn good at playing with the familiar.

While it's nothing revolutionary, it's sure to make you shake your ass, and what more do you want from a dance record?

Quinn Omori

Caribou **Start Breaking My Heart (re-release)** (Leaf)

Double-disc re-release? Sweet fancy Jesus cakes! It's been about two years since Dan Snaith made the notorious nomenclature switch from *Manitoba* to *Caribou*, so it's high time to pimp the luxuries of a name change and throw a collection of early material to the masses. The disc brings together a handful of EPs anchored with a re-release of Snaith's first album as *Manitoba*, 2001's kaleidoscopic *Start Breaking My Heart*.

Consider it an aural buffet of *Manitoba*'s younger years. In addition to the full-length, the compilation contains early EPs like *People Eating Fruit* (2000), *Paul's Birthday* (2001), *Give'r* (2001), and *If Ashholes Could Fly This Place Would Be An Airport* (2003). Subtle and sparse, the new *Start Breaking My Heart* collection serves as a reminder of a pared-down *Manitoba*, anticipating the searing abandon of 2003's *Up in Flames* and last year's jangling Kraut revival, *The Milk of Human Kindness*.

The sprawling headiness of "Evan Likes Driving" wraps itself in a twilight curiosity whose composition is less occupied with the sonic tension and release of later works, focused instead on exploring textured spectrums of quiet, textured soundscapes. "Tits & Ass: the Great Canadian Weekend," hailing from the appropriately-titled *Give'r*, articulates a fascination with Canadian hoser discourses that continues to creep into Snaith's music. "Webers," from the same disc, is a quick wander into hip hop territory that is more thoroughly sounded out in "Leopards" on *The Milk of Human Kindness*.

Indeed, the material on *Start Breaking My Heart* seems to have laid the groundwork for Snaith's admirable career, and the careful math of his sound is perhaps most apparent in this compilation. Since

releasing his first recordings, Snaith has earned a Ph.D. in mathematics from Imperial College in London, England: the *Start Breaking My Heart* re-release is a collection of some of his most calculated pieces.

Jackie Wong

Caribou **Up in Flames (re-release)** (Leaf)

When the folks at the Leaf label re-issued *Up in Flames*, (originally released in 2003 by Dan Snaith's *Manitoba*), they did simply that: slapped 'Caribou' on the album of 'Manitoba' in the place of the original cover, not only to satisfy the likes of Handsome Dick Manitoba, but also to provide fans of Caribou access to a significant piece of the artist's full repertoire.

Snaith himself promised fans that "At the end of the day, nothing's going to change other than the name," and indeed, *Up in Flames* makes good on this vow. Open your copy of the re-release on iTunes, for instance, and you'll notice that the artist name may still appear as *Manitoba*. Will the Gracenotes Database be the site of the next stand-off between Snaith and the Dictators? Time will tell, but until then, the re-release of *Up in Flames* will enlighten the second wave of Snaith fans (those who got to know him only as Caribou, among whom I count myself) of the musical stepping stones that led him to the sounds of *The Milk of Human Kindness*.

What strikes me about *Up in Flames* as a novice ear of the Caribou soundscape is the lushness of the album's terrain as it moves fluidly and energetically from psychedelic rock to electronica and hip hop. Through "I've Lived on a Dirt Road All My Life" to "Kid You'll Move Mountains," the meditation on simple musical motifs transforms the instrumentation of *Up in Flames* into a form of reflection. The syncretic sounds that populate the album's environment blur

the boundaries of genre with a playful joy that seems to have been undermined by the identity crisis Snaith underwent in its wake. The re-release of *Up in Flames* will hopefully return to Caribou some of the territory lost between names, and it remains clear that that name or another, the spirit of the *Up in Flames* persists in spite of itself.

Mono Brown

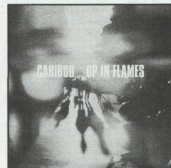
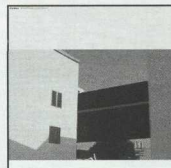
Kinky **Reina** (Netzwerk)

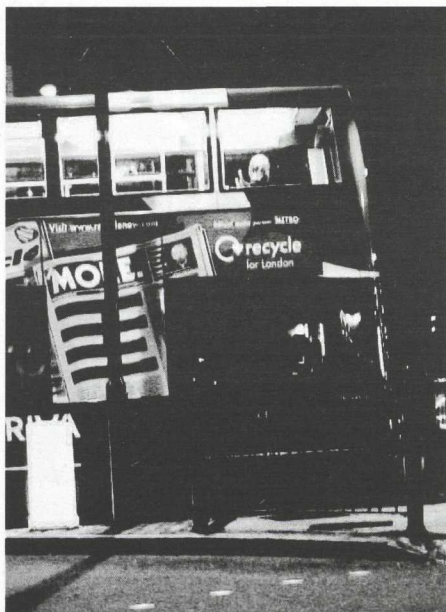
At the forefront (at least as far as the rest of North America has noticed) of the growing Mexican musical revolution, Kinky's newest disc, *Reina*, packs a wallop of high-intensity, effervescent sonic joy. The album has them continuing in their Latin/rock/funk groove. After all, if it's not broke, why mess with it? The tracks on *Reina* ooze fun dance-pop melodies with tight vocal harmonies, *caliente* Mexican beats and even some retro (some might say cheesy, but hey, it works!) electronic effects, blended with fast-pumping rock riffs. Usually when a group tries to weave so many threads of influence they end up in no man's land, but Kinky make it work seamlessly and flow incredibly well.

Reina particularly reminds me of the sort of sound *Duran Duran* were desperately trying to knock off during their late 80s slump, except that Kinky actually meet and exceed that goal.

All in all, if this disc doesn't drag your ass onto the dance floor, you're beyond hope.

Drake





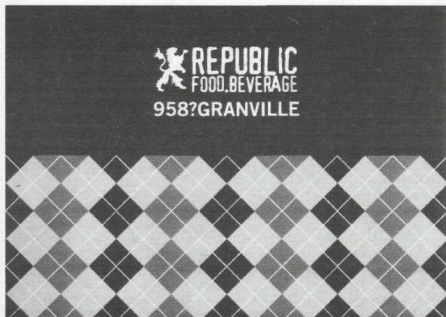
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The Raconteurs
Kelly Stoltz
July 26
Malkin Bowl

I'd been meaning to go to Stanley Park to watch the sun rise for some time now, and I figured before the Raconteurs was the best time to do it. Knowing full well that I would need my rest for the show ahead, I found a nice shaded park bench and lay down with my blanket and a tossed salad. One ride on the mini-train, two bowls of salad, and countless trips around the park later, it was time to line up.

All throughout the opening act, Kelly Stoltz, eager Raconteurs fans sat on the grass, fidgeting with anticipation. I spread out my blanket and lay on my back, batting away a few mosquitoes and scratching at the marks left by the ones that survived. All around me people smoked continuously, chatting loudly about their expectations for the show. All were soon to be blown away, replaced with an amazing brain fuck, an intense blur that involved wailing and screeching guitar solos, howling vocals, steady bass lines and bluesy beats.

As the crowd was starting to get into the western tunes blasting out of the speakers while roadies set up as quickly as they could, out walked little Jack Lawrence (bass), closely followed by Patrick Keeler (drums), Brendan Benson (guitar and vox) and Jack White (guitar and vox). They kicked off their set with "Intimate Secretary," which was a seemingly unlikely choice over their much better-known single "Steady as She Goes."

REAL LIVE ACTION



The Raconteurs at Malkin Bowl

Photos By Meg Bourne

I was surprised and delighted to hear it first, and immediately the mood in the park shifted. People began dancing and bobbing their heads to the rhythm, while White, Benson and Lawrence chimed in with the lyrics. It was a great choice for an opener, and White came in with a screaming guitar solo almost immediately, which dropped jaws all over the place. Already you could tell that they had met, and were going to exceed all expectations.

Jack White is a musician known for the emotion he puts forward on stage, and he was definitely not lacking in that department. He wailed and whispered his way through an amazing re-working of Nancy Sinatra's "Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down)." While White hopped around the stage, Lawrence seemed off in his own world. He played steadily and with ease, not disturbing the melodic peace they created up on stage.

From the harmonized vocals in tunes such as "Store Bought Bones," to the insane and in sync instrumental of "Blue Veins," The Raconteurs delivered. They have a lot of hype surrounding them, and after witnessing that show, I think they deserve every piece of it.

Sarah Fischer

Lotus Child
July 21
The Media Club

Floors rumbled at the Lotus Child *Gossip Diet* CD release party. The show kicked off the Vancouver piano-based indie band's West Coast tour with one hot hullabaloo. I mean sauna hot. Dan Mangan opened, setting an intimate mood with the crowd seated cross-legged on the floor, everyone agog at the levels of his guttural sound. Next up, Mother had the house abuzz with their folkie-funky crisp-clean quality. If the crowd wasn't dancing by that point, Lotus Child got them jumpin' (literally).

During songs such as "Archaeologists," a few surprise voices joined in, as members from Hey Ocean! and The Painted Birds jumped on stage. The surprises continued into "Gossip Diet" with vocal group Aliqua joining the euphony, reproducing the CD sound as much as possible. Guitarist and lead singer Zachary Gray struck up a roundelay of "We're not perfect!" booming through the crowd.

Difficult to peg down stylistically, *Gossip Diet* ranges from funky numbers like "Archaeologists" to foot-stomping rock-out "Lids" to calm but elating "Coelacanth," withal remaining musically exotic, and yet distinguishing its dancy demiurgic self in the indie rock genre.

The night was somewhat of a family affair, as Mother's self-titled CD is also Howard Redekopp produced. Castle Project topped off the night with a din of songs sounding more or less the same. Nonetheless, the sauna cooled at 1am and we were all dog-tired and ready for a shower. You can catch Lotus Child playing their homecoming show August 6th at the Backstage Lounge.

Marlaina Mah

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
at Richard's



Photo by Kimberly Day

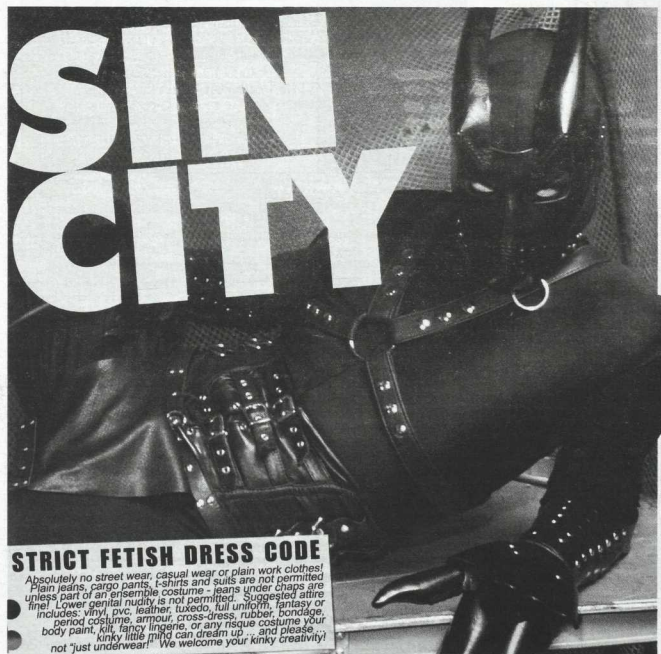
CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of July

CITR's charts reflect what has been the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (e) mean they come from this great band or ours. Most of these patterns can be found in our liner (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Mirak coordinator a call at 822-8773. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community charts check out www.erebote-online.com.

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	Leather Uppers*	Bright Lights	Goner
2	Joel And The Last Of The Neighbours*	Antidote	The Tong Dynasty
3	Music Roots*	Parade Of Noises 2005	Music Roots
4	Fond Of Tigers*	A Thing To Live With	Drip Audio
5	MSTRKRFT*	The Looks	Last Gang
6	Various Artists*	Jamaica To Toronto: Soul Funk And Reggae 1967-1974	Light In The Attic
7	Peaches*	Impenach My Bush	XL
8	Ladyhawk*	Ladyhawk	Jagaguar / storyboard
9	Vancouver*	Lesin' It!	Scratch
10	The Dudes*	Brain Heart Guitar	Load Music
11	The Bicycles*	The Good, The Bad And The Cuddly	Fuzzy Logic
12	Bella/Columbus*	Split Ep	Pop Echo
13	Screaming Eagles*	Enemy Gold	Indie
14	Girl Talk	Night Ripper	Illegal Art
15	Camera Obscura	Let's Get Out Of This Country	Merge
16	CSS	Cansel De Der Sexy	Sub Pop
17	Loscil*	Free To Stay	Kranky
18	Smooch	2 1/2 Creatures	Barsuk
19	The D'ubervilles	S/TEP	Indie
20	Sparrow*	The New Pastoral	Indie
21	Pascale@137db	Previously Deleted Scenes	Indie
22	Brightblack Morning Light	S/T	Matador
23	The Husbands	There's Nothing More Than...	Friendly Fire
24	Asobi Sexu	Citrus	Friendly Fire

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
25	Mojave 3	Puzzles Like You	4 AD
26	Sonic Youth	Rather Ripped	DGC
27	Thom Yorke	The Eraser	XL
28	Cheap Suits*	One Giant Leap	Maple Music
29	The Matadors*	Horrorbilly 9000	Stereo Dynamite
30	Be Your Own Pet	S/T	Ecstatic Peace
31	The Black Angels	Passover	Light In The Attic
32	Pony Up!	Make Love To The Judges With Your Eyes	Dim Mak
33	The Paper Cranes*	S/T	Unfamiliar
34	Hot Chip	The Warning	EMI
35	Andrew Duke*	Consumer Vs. User	Phthalo
36	The Eastern Stars*	July 5 th 1961	Mental Monkey
37	Cut Chemist	The Audience's Listening	Warner
38	The Knife	Silent Shout	Mute
39	Epsilon	S/T	Retard Disco
40	Senor Coconut	Yellow Fever	Essay
41	New York Dolls	One Day It Will Please Us To Remember Even This	Roadrunner
42	Panurge*	Walking In The Fog	Last Gang
43	Kinnie Starr	Anything	Maple Music
44	Various Artists	Radio Thailand	Sublime Frequencies
45	Mr. Lif	Mo' Mega	Definitive Jux
46	A Northern Chorus*	Before We All Go To Pieces	Black Mountain
47	Otto Von Schirach	Maxipad Detention	Ipecac
48	Paapp	The Only Thing I Ever Wanted	Domino
49	Various*	Dig Your Roots: Aboriginal	Dyr
50	Dragonforce	Inhuman Rampage	Roadrunner



SIN CITY

STRICT FETISH DRESS CODE

Absolutely no street wear, casual wear or plain work clothes! Plain jeans, cargo pants, t-shirts and suits are not permitted unless part of an ensemble costume - jeans under chaps are fine! Lower genital nudity is not permitted. Suggested attire includes: vinyl, pvc, leather, tuxedo, full uniform, fantasy or period costume, armour, cross-dress, rubber, bondage, body paint, kilt, fancy lingerie, or any risqué costume your kinky little mind can dream up... and please not just underwear! We welcome your kinky creativity!

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Sin City's DJ Pandemonium #2 DJ in Vancouver

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SATURDAY AUGUST 12

PLUS THE SECOND SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
23 WEST CORDOVA 9 PM - 3 AM

CLUB 23 WEST

SATURDAY AUGUST 26

PLUS THE LAST SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH
1036 RICHARDS 9 PM - 2 AM

RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

those dirty DJs
PANDEMONIUM CATHERINNA BETTI FORDE R-LEX

plus your host
MR.DARK



CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	SHOOKSHOOKTA						
10am	FILL-IN	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	FILL-IN	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am							
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm			REAL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	CARDER FAST TRACK	RUMBLSTONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUJAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	W.L.N.G.S.	NECESSARY VOICES	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	NEWS 101	LED RAMIREZ SHOW
5pm			SON OF NITE DREAMS	WENNER'S BDO	PEDAL REVOLUTION	THE CANADIAN WAY	OUR WAVE
6pm	QUEER FM		UNCOMMON PRACTICE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AFROBEAT	SANSQUENCH'S HIDEAWAY	SHADOW JUGGLERS
7pm				AND SOMETIMES WHEN IT RAINS	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	KARASU	SALARIO MINIMO	JUICEBOX	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	PLANET LOVETRON	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
9pm							
10pm	TRANSCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW	PUOTANIAN NIGHTS	FOLK OASIS	LAUGH TRACKS	IN THE SHADOWS	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
11pm			CAUGHT IN THE RED				
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	FILL-IN	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	CONCEPTION RADIO
1am							
2am	BBC	BBC	AURAL TENTACLES	BBC	BBC	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World)
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World)
The ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)
Reggae in all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
Real cowshit-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

crandancet@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend

of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)
Hosted by David B.

LET'S GET BAKED w/ MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and

otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

W.L.N.G.S. (Talk)
Women's International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)
(Classical)

KARASU (World)
THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)
Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker.

August 7: Birthdays that fall on a Monday abound this year and tonight we celebrate the birthday of one of the most unique musicians in all jazz history ...

Rahsaan Roland Kirk with his album *Rip, Rig and Panic* with Jaki Byard (piano) and the great drummer Elvin Jones Kirk would have been 70 today.

August 14: Gavin takes the night off tonight and Charles Burnham

from "Sweet and Hot" does the Jazz Show tonight.

August 21: William "Count" Basie is one of the most important figures in jazz not only as a pianist and a bandleader as an institution. Basie died in 1984 but his influence continues. Tonight one of the finest Basie dates is on tap—*The Atomic Basie*. The band at it's best plays the arrangements of the great Neal Hefti. Basie would be 102 today!

August 28: One last birthday for August is that of New York born pianist/composer Kenny Drew. Drew grew up in Harlem with Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean and Arthur Taylor and was a New York mainstay until moving to Denmark in 1964. Drew died there on August 4, 1993. He would have been 78 today. His only album under his own name for Blue Note is tonight's feature. Undercurrent is a quietest session of all-Drew tunes and features a

front line of Hank Mobley (tenor saxophone) and Freddie Hubbard (trumpet). The pots are on!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)
All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless one may make you a fool! Hear the menacing score that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

borninstyline@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le métiage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports department for their coverage of the F-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the puns, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

TAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

Craviting the trash heat of over 50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Electronic)

AURAL TENTACLES (Electronic) It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Electronic)

ANOLIZE (Noise) Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Electronic)

First Wednesday of every month.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)

Vancouver's retro-industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtump to, hosted by Corven.

JUICEBOX (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

<www.juiceboxradio.com>

FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Electronic)

SWEET N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Electronic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

RHYMES & REASONS (Hip Hop)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-explored, always relevant and

plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

<myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.com>

PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

AFROBEAT (World)

Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the African Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins.

<myafrobeat@yahoo.com>

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, I don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Electronic)

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digging DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Electronic)

NARDWARF THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS (Nardwarf)

NEWS 101 (Talk) A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

THE CANADIAN WAY (Electronic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal!

<thecanadianway@popstar.com>

SAMSWANQUH'S HIDEAWAY (Electronic)

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<www.africanrhythmsradio.com>

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanhip <robertrobot@gmail.com>

IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Electronic)

Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake. <thevampiresball@yahoo.com>

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNihilation (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

<www.streetpunkradio.com>

<crashnburnradio@yahoo.com>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the world and international Latin American communities.

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting hour of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimlunge & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Electronic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)

THE HIGHLIGHT

Queer FM Sundays at 6pm

Queer FM is a show that combines in-depth analysis of LGBT current events with human interest stories, arts coverage and news items from around the world, plus great music by artists of all sexual orientations and gender identities. On air since 1993, Queer FM has covered all the major queer rights battles in Canada and the US, and has offered a uniquely queer perspective on the larger stories of the day. We spoke to queers in Hong Kong during the handover to China, we followed queer efforts to help hurricane Katrina survivors, and next month, listen for our coverage of Jerusalem World Pride, as it unfolds in the midst of the Middle East conflict.

In addition, Queer FM provides coverage of new books, movies, music and more—often with a little help from our friends. Los Angeles film critic, Steve Pride, produces previews of queer films, complete with interviews with the stars; JD Doyle of

Houston's Queer Music Heritage program co-hosts the "Audiofile," a monthly review of the best queer independent musical releases, which comes to us courtesy of This Way Out, the syndicated gay and lesbian radio magazine. To mark this year's Vancouver International Jazz Festival, JD, also loaned us his hour-long special on queers in jazz music.

So what's to come on Queer FM? Well, in addition to our coverage of Jerusalem World Pride, rumour has it our next door neighbours in Washington State will have a Supreme Court decision on same-sex marriage soon, and we'll be covering that when it happens. And, of course, Stephen Harper has promised to reopen the issue of same-sex marriage in Canada this fall, so join us and our resident gay Conservative pundits as we revisit it with him. Plus, listen for our previews of the Out on Screen Queer Film and Video Festival!



www.northern-electric.ca

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—Vue Weekly



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BUGHOUSE 5



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BOMB RECORDING ARTISTS FROM SEATTLE
THE INVISIBLE EYES
GRENADE RECORDING ARTISTS FROM PORTLAND
EUX AUTRES

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
THE RADIO

FRIDAY AUGUST 11
THE LAMPLIGHTER

RAINBOW QUARTZ RECORDING ARTISTS

FROM MONTREAL

THE HIGH DIALS

WITH
ASTHMATIC KITTY RECORDING ARTISTS
SHAPES AND SIZES

AND
THE WEATHER

THURS. AUGUST 31
THE LAMPLIGHTER

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BARSAK RECORDING ARTISTS FROM PORTLAND

VIVA VOCE

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HOT AUGUST NIGHTS: SUMMER PARTY UPDATE

BLOOD MERIDIAN Kick up The Dust CD

7:00 PM This is prime set-up time. Books away, computer off, vacuumed, shoes tied. Best to get a little mellow to get prepared, but not too mellow. A drink, maybe some dope, definitely music. Okay, let's see. Ah, **Matt Cameron's Blood Meridian**. Good tunes here. This is fine stuff from these local heroes and very, very, very good friends of **Black Mountain**. **Kick up the Dust** seems made on a back porch somewhere. Like the **Rolling Stones**, **Blood Meridian** has a folksy, bluesy temperament. But also like the **Stones**, they're really more "city rustic," if that's a proper description, than "rural rustic," with "country" a horizon not a boundary. These guys mostly favor atmosphere and presence over fireworks. But with oomph in their back pockets besides, the band always does the right thing, too. All in all, some soulful, laid-back rock and roll played with genuine warmth and aura. Hmm, I think this is a major label debut, or something. Sure seems up for the job to me.

CD 12.98

COMETS ON FIRE Avatar CD/LP

8:00 PM I'm in a classic rock mood now, but I don't want actual classic rock. I know—the new **Comets on Fire**. Last actual one totally ripped, all blown out, full volume, psych-rock mayhem, but this one is different, with less straight on, way more complex. It's not less rock, exactly, maybe even the opposite, just not as loud. In a way, **Avatar** is exactly classic rock in feel and style, but without any hint of mainstream banality. It's the classic rock you wished classic rock would be all the time, not just only every third song on the radio. It's like the 70s were brought to the present without the commercialized gutting of FM radio. Ah, yes, is it fair to call this mature? I mean mature in the best way: wiser, more experienced, deeper, and more deliberate. As much as I loved the last one, this keeps growing on me with each listen. Also, I'm a huge fan of **Six Organs of Admittance**, especially the newest one. I guess the other dudes in the band have some other new projects. Hope they put out records soon. Ah, this plays well for the earliest of the early birds, too. Listen and learn, friends.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

WHITE WHALE WWI CD

9:00 PM More guests are arriving. Come early for the free food! I still love them. But everyone is sober, thus a bit contemplative, maybe just shy, seeking distraction. Now is the time for something new on the stereo, something to talk about. Here we go. **White Whale**, Merge Records' latest. Has that guy in it that used to be in that early indie rock band **Butterfly**? I used to have a fever of 7 inches. Catchy stuff. Oh, those were the days... Well this is a big change from that early stuff, much fuller and super melodic. Must be a way bigger band. Duh—**Butterfly** was a two-piece! I wonder, is it fair and right to call things post-**Arcade Fire**? Sounds stupid, but it has a kernel of truth to it, I say. For example, this surely seems post-**Arcade Fire**. Something about the details and textures, the longer songs. On the other hand, it would also sound totally perfect playing on my iPod after flaming lips: the new **Racetracers**, or maybe even newer **Flaming Lips**. Hey, why not? It's all good.

CD 16.86

SNACKS AND DRINKS AND SUCH

BURIAL - S/T
ANI DIFRANCO - Reprise
DIRTY PRETTY THINGS - Wintario
DJ SHADOW - The Outsider
MICHAEL FRANKI & SPEARHEAD - Yell Fire!
FRENCH KICKS - Two Thousand
LISA GERMANO - In the Maybe World

MATTHEW FRIEDBERGER - Winter Women/Holy Ghost Language School
GOLDEN SMOG - Another Fine Day
HELLA - Acoustics
HOT SNAKES - Thunder Down Under
JOAN OF ARC - Eventually, All At Once
JURASSIC 5 - Feedback
MASTA KILLA - Made in Brooklyn

THE LONG WINTERS - Putting the Days to Bed
NOUVELLE VAGUE - Band A Part
OLD 97'S HIT BY A TRAIN - The Best of Old 97's
RAZORLIGHT - Razorlight
RATATAT - Classics
THE SADIES - In Concert
TORTOISE - Box Set
WOODEN WAND AND THE SKY HIGH BAND - Second Attention
XIU XIU - Air Force

JAMES FIGURINE Mistake Mistake Mistake Mistake CD/LP

10:00 PM I'm going down so it's time to raise the tempo some, but not too much. The **Postal Service** was a huge favorite for most and a guilty pleasure for some. **Death Cab**—with mass appeal comes debate. Whatever. I go back and forth. Nevertheless, always seems to work like in a party scene. Even the hippest of guests don't often question a track or two. Mostly, okay, let's see how this plays. **James Figurine** is the "other guy" in the **Postal Service**, **Jimmy Tamborello**, the **DNTEL** guy. Although this seems a little less instantaneous than **Postal Service**, more electronic, it's still great. Perhaps even more interesting, sans scar-quotes. Following the title, I gather this represents a kind of "learning curve" experiment for **Tamborello**, some research into "new techno," to give it a name. Like **bolé** or **Luomo**, perhaps **Junior Boys**, too, maybe even a little **Richardio Villalobos**. If not as lush, Hey—**New Techno**. Did I just unintentionally coin a new rap term? **Ques**—somebody email Pitchfork! **James Figurine** is just kidding. Hmm, some good guest vocals here, but no Ben Gibbard to split the throng.

CD 14.98 LP 16.98

SEBADOH III (+ bonus tracks) CD

11:00 PM Now we're swinging. And I'm fairly drunk. What do I need? Oh yeah, a total classic. **Dead Zap?** Not yet, too soon. Here we go. **Sebadoh III**. Right, right. This new **Lez** CD release is totally awesome, like those **Parmentier** releases. Almost forgotten how great—and important—this record was. Changed my life, man. Indie rock. And probably not just mine. **The Freed Pig** is so true. Sing to me, **Barlow**, sing my inner life. What a way to start an album. WE ARE ALL FREED PIGS! Okay, maybe some of these tracks are a bit too moody for a party like this, too introverted. But still, the truth—the TRUTH! Life and love is fucking complicated shit. And here it is, maybe even more truthful now than ever. Like a fine wine, even? Yes. This is the album where **Sebadoh** most seems like a group, too, with obvious input from **Gaffney** and **Loewenstein**. When did this come out the first time? 93? 92? 1991! Damn, has it been that long? Ah, life.

CD 16.98

ONEIDA Happy New Year CD

12:00 AM Okay, time to change the mood again. Was a little maudlin there. Try this instead. **Oneida**. Up With People kicks and kicks. I think I'll play it three times in a row. Yeah! Also, I love that idiosyncratic, monk-like, eastern-scale, "pansy, sage and thyme" singing they do. So ethereal. It's like if **Buve** and **Mansueto** were members of an Early Music society—nerds who rock, rock hard. That guitar-playing dude from **Trans Am/Fucking Champs** seems like a permanent member now. He's even got his own **Oneida** pseudonym, **Double Rainbow**, adding to **Fat Baby**'s keyboards, **Hanoi Jane**'s bass and **Kid Million**'s drums. Saw them play a few weeks ago. Damn, they're impressively tight live. Obviously hard working guys, but they make it look so casual, not effortless so much as inevitable, as if they had no other choice. They exude humble self-satisfaction, a happy kind of focus. But why **Happy New Year**, I wonder? It's August! Maybe they have a special **Oneida** calendar, too, maybe borrowed from the American **Oneida** Nation. If so, I wonder how old I am in **Oneida** years? Merely a babe, I bet.

CD 12.98

THE KNIFE Silent Shout CD

1:00 AM Time to push the coffee table away to get some ad hoc dance floor space happening. Talk about prime **Vancouver** real estate—here on my stained carpet! Okay, what's going to get this going? Here we go. **Silent Shout** by **The Knife**. Perfect. These brother and sister Swedes kinda smack up on me. Their older track **Heartbeats** is supposed to be fantastic, a near classic. I think this is their mind full-length already. It's gotta be their breakthrough. I'm hooked now. Finally! Sounds super cool to me. Kinda dark-hued but very catchy. It's like if electro regressed, spending some time listening to older techno and early EBM records in order to get interesting again, reinvented. But it's not a lame-ass pastiche, more a sweet new synthesis—a synthesis that's heavy on the synthesizers. Man, the vocals are so eerie, foreboding. They're layered and effected, full of texture. It's like there are lots of different singers singing, not just one woman. Kinda creepy! This is good for both the brain and the body, I figure. Just the way I like it.

CD 16.98

GIRL TALK Night Ripper CD

2:00 AM The place is packed now. My neighbors must hate me. Oh well. Time to get a little nuts with some slamming, hardcore audio collage—ha-ha! **Girl Talk** is some kinda super mash-up guy, a mash-up-mash-up list, a world-historical mash-upper. Oh, my God. This is incredible, overwhelming. Like listening to every radio station in the city play seamlessly at once. This must be what it's like to be crazy! I love it. Man, how does it all fit together? Oh shit, yeah—awesome, mind-blowing. Reminds me as much of **Jason Forrest** as it does **Plunderphonics**, with the super-density of the latter but the dance floor-centricity of the former. Right on, motherfucker—more the former and less the latter, more the former and less the latter! Man, I'm going to have to listen to this sober, too, to try and source the samples. Or is that too nerdy. Probably. Whatever. For now, it's best to let it wash over me, a mighty spring of data chunks and sound bites. I'm so wasted.

CD 18.98

MSTRKRFT The Looks CD

3:00 AM Time to go for it. Come on, come on, come on! This is the last chance before the cops shut us down, man. Huh, what's that? Huh? Okay, okay, what's the stereo. Move over. Let me at it. Here we go. What's right? No, no, no, yes! **MSTRKRFT! The Looks**. Aww! Rock it! Turn it up! Turn it way up! Can you believe it—more from back east. Where's the fucking party music from our town, man? Bullshit. This has what's-his-name in it, the bass player guy, Right—**Jesse Kneier**. Ha-ha-ha, couldn't remember. Check out the album cover. Cool, eh? You know, sure it was repetitious, and sure Pitchfork slammed it, but to be honest, I totally loved that **Death from Above 1979** remix CD. I play it all the time, man. It's cool, okay? I don't care. But this rocks way harder than that, obviously! More solid, more straightforward! Moustaches! Okay, move over, man, give me some space. Get another drink. **MSTRKRFT! MSTRKRFT!** Yeah! Oh shit, is that the cops?

CD 16.98

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